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SIX MONTHS AMONG BRIGANDS

BY ELLEN M. STONE

II

Life in the Mountain Huts—More Letters of Appeal—Increasing Severity of the Brigands—The "Bad Man" and the "Good Man"—Dressmaking—Talks with the Brigands—The First Letter from the World—The Approach of Winter—Flight into the Deepest Fastnesses of the Mountains—The Battle with another Band of Brigands

IT was a crowded, cluttered place for storage into which we were huddled when the brigands came to order me to write the second letter, announcing our capture and the sum demanded for our ransom. If they had been terrible to us before, how much more now, when they found themselves baffled in their expectation of securing, in a few days, the enormous ransom which they demanded for us. The same three again ranged themselves before us, fully armed as before, while their fierce words and fiercer manner struck terror to our hearts. We sat in our corners, their helpless captives, upon the cloaks which they had spread, our only place for sitting or lying. Their *voivoda*, as we took him to be, was again the spokesman. We had named him, to ourselves, "the Bad Man," and thus, for months, we designated him to each other, only abbreviating it to "the B. Man" sometimes, until, on a memorable day, after God had marvelously delivered us all—brigands and captives—from most imminent peril, we found that we had forgiven even "the Bad Man," and he seemed, as Mrs. Tsilka said that glad day, "like an angel."

Having announced to us the failure of our first attempt to establish connection with the world, and to set in operation measures which might induce action somewhere for our release, this cruel-faced and cruel-mouthed *voivoda* commanded me to make a second attempt to open correspondence. He transferred the field chosen for negotiations from Macedonia to Bulgaria, from Bansko, on the slopes of the Perim Mountains, to Samokov, in the Switzerland of the Balkans, lying close by the pass between the Rhodope and the Rilo Mountains. He commanded me to choose one of our missionaries there to whom I should address the letter, acquainting him with the facts of our capture, the reason therefor—to extort the ransom of twenty-five thousand Turkish pounds—after mentioning the fact of our futile first attempt to open a correspondence, by which eleven days of the twenty set as the limit for the payment of the ransom had already been consumed. He also commanded me to request our busy missionary to go at once to Constantinople, bearing a second letter, inclosed, addressed to W. W. Peet, Treasurer of the Turkish Missions of the American Board, to whom I had previously written a letter which was lost. In this letter I was commanded to ask him to request the American Minister at the Porte to secure a cessation of the movements of the Turkish troops who were pursuing the brigands, on the ground that, in case of an encounter, *our* lives would be most endangered. They said that they were thinking to add fifteen days to the nine now remaining from the first time-limit. I pleaded for twenty; they compromised on eighteen. Twenty-seven days to live! Twenty-seven days for our ap-

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peal to be taken to Samokov by foot messenger, thence to Constantinople—and the world! One hundred and ten thousand dollars! Not a para less! No Jewish bargaining here! Our captors made our hearts heavy because of their cupidity. The only material point of difference between the letters which I was now ordered to write and those previously written, was a reference to the changed manner of the brigands towards us. At first we had thought them terrible enough, but after they had announced their reason for our capture, we saw in them a constant effort to treat us humanely. "We took you for money," they had said sententiously. "It is for our interest to keep you well, that we may get the ransom!" Hence their care at every point to guard us from falling, during our frequent nightly journeys, and from undue exposure to inclement weather; to provide for us food as abundant and as varied as the resources at their command would allow, and to give us occasionally a considerate word. Now, however, all was to be changed. Because of the failure of my first messenger to execute his commission, which had resulted in such loss of time, they would treat us with every severity, and were this second attempt to open negotiations to fail, they would no longer be trifled with. "There will be a bullet for you, and a bullet for her," indicating my companion, Mrs. Tsilka. Feeling again all my nature rising within me in indignation at this conduct of men who had dared snatch us away from our God-given freedom, and made us their helpless victims—but recognizing the impotence of any remonstrance—I arose from our corner, and seated myself upon a projecting beam. They produced from one of the small satchels, which every man wore strapped across his back, some crumpled sheets of paper, a bottle of ink, and a pen. Again they remained and watched me, which was exceedingly irksome to me. I begged them to relieve us of their presence while I should complete the two letters. They said that was impossible. "Who knows what else you would write for your own purposes if we did not watch you?" I protested that I would write only what they had commanded, and that they should see every word; but they sneeringly disregarded my plea, and continued their watch. We concluded that they had never had captives before who comported themselves as honest, truthful people, and for themselves, their nefarious profession as brigands made them hold every man a liar.

Finally, the letters and the copies of them were completed, leaving me with strained nerves, flushed face, and aching head. Our inexorable captors had, however, one more demand to make of me. "Now write an authorization to the bearer of this to receive the entire sum demanded for your ransom, writing out the amount in words and then putting it in figures, and signing your name."

"Is it not possible to indicate this sum, or some portion of it?" I asked, seeking to leave a loophole for hope. "No; it must be the whole sum. And there is to be no Jewish bargaining here!" was the brutal answer. Indignation overmastered prudence in me as I felt my impotence to resist his demand, which was signing not only my own death-warrant, but also that of my hapless companion. I burst out with, "I only hope that some of your sisters, if you have any, or all of them, may be put into just such an awful strait as you are putting me in now!" The brigand's eyes flashed ominously. "You want a brother to destroy his sister! That's it, is it?" "No," I answered, "but only to know in your own experience how my four brothers feel, who love their only sister quite as well as you can love yours!" He fumed, while my indignation was quenched in the tears called forth by the recollection of my brave brothers and our precious mother, grieving, in ignorance of my fate. But not yet did I forgive our tormentor wholly. Forgetting that I was not in position to command, I told him he might be seated now. "*Saidnate!*" I said. "*Saidnate!*" he repeated in scorn. "*Saidnate!* Indeed!" while I realized, with trepidation of heart, what a storm I had roused, and trembled for its possible consequence. Fortunately, this fiery man was not alone. I did not see him restrained by his companions, for my eyes were bent upon the task imposed by them, but quietness reigned until I had signed the fateful receipt which was the price of my life—of our lives—and then they filed out.

We had before this learned the answer to Mrs. Tsilka's agonized question, which she put after the brigands informed us that they had taken me for a ransom—"But why was *I* taken?" They told us that they had learned our plans for our journey, just who were to be in our party, the route chosen, etc., and had laid their plans accordingly to intercept us. "We intended to take your oldest Bible-woman, Mrs. Oosheva," said they, "but she was so ill when we captured you—half dead in fact—that that was out of the question; then we took you to be company for Miss Stone." When alone by ourselves we puzzled over the problem. How could the brigands have learned that Mrs. Tsilka was the only

other married lady in our company beside the sick mother? The more we puzzled over it, the more clearly we became convinced that it had been God's plan that *she* should be taken. We had all eaten of the same honey on that fateful third of September; but one had been made ill—the mother whom the brigands had planned to make prisoner. Mrs. Tsilka had told me her sacred secret, of her coming motherhood, which she had hardly breathed as yet to mother or husband. Although it seemed almost like the desecration of what was most holy, and most peculiarly her own, with her consent I had acquainted the brigands with the fact of her delicate situation, on one of the first days of our captivity. Then I based upon it a strong plea that they should free us, while there was yet time, and not lay themselves liable to the curse which highwaymen hold in special horror—the curse which they believe to be entailed if they cause any injury to a woman with child, or to her little one either before or after its birth. The men looked grave as they listened to me. Perhaps they thought it was a ruse on our part to escape. At any rate they answered, "It is too late. The dance which we have begun we must dance through to the end!" Would they have come to that decision could they have foreseen that the dance with varying movements was to continue within a few days of six months, or could we have looked consciously at such a fate, and have retained either our reason or our life? As time passed on, both of us became convinced that there was no mistaking God's plan that Mrs. Tsilka should be captured with me. Her helplessness appealed most strongly to the brigands. One of the steadiest among them made her his special care. He it was whose arm was always ready for her, and who patiently steadied her steps, who mounted her and dismounted her, who spread the brigands' cloaks for our bed, and often tucked us in. I shudder to think how much harder it would have been for me had not their tenderer natures thus been appealed to by my companion's approaching motherhood.

Although we were debarred the possession of paper and pencil, I managed surreptitiously to use my remaining Waterman pen to underline passages in the Scriptures, which proved to be specially comforting to my heart. When its ink was exhausted I lamented more than ever the loss of its companion pen during our first night's journey. I had referred to the loss when I discovered it, that first day, under our leafy booth; but the brigand to whom I addressed my remark answered brutally, "*Namah chorbadjee-luk tukah*" (There is no masterful ordering here!), and I ceased my inquiries.

As the days wore by we were painfully conscious of the lack of the commonest necessities of life. With food we were supplied in those first days *ad nauseam*. When our hearts were sick with longing for the blessings of freedom, how exasperating to be asked what we would have for dinner or for supper, as though our captors might have had command of the finest market of the province! We often quoted to ourselves, in bitterness of spirit, the couplet from "Mother Goose for Old Folks," remembered from school days:

> "Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
> And yet this poor woman scarce ever was quiet."

However, we philosophized, we must eat to live, in case we should be ransomed some time.

One day one of the brigands shamefacedly alluded to the fact that we had no change of undergarments. "No, we've nothing but what we wore when you captured us," I assured him, for, being so much Mrs. Tsilka's senior, she wished me to be chief speaker, although she was my chaperon! "I've lost all my handkerchiefs," she admitted. "And her blouse sleeves are in ribbons," I added. "Then make a list of the most indispensable things," said our guard, "and we will do what we can about getting them." Later we missed the "Good Man," and wondered whether he had not gone on a search for them. Our surmise proved correct, when, after a few days, he returned with some undergarments and socks—men's, of course—some cotton for our handkerchiefs, needles, thimbles (which fitted us, too), spools, and cloth for two blouses. Here, then, was work for us to do. With what avidity we set about it! We cut our white cotton cloth with our new shears, giving ourselves each four handkerchiefs, and then we hemstitched them, to make our work last as long as possible. What a blessing that work was to us! We had always our morning reading and prayer, and then we wanted something to do. Now we had it. We cut out our two brown blouses also, and made them, for Mrs. Tsilka was in great need of hers. Mine I fondly believed I should never wear, but should send it by her to some Albanian girl in the mission school of their home city, Kortcha, for which they were *en route* when we were captured. Our supply of light was limited, as it came through broken places in the withe-plaited wall, through which also we caught glimpses of green hills and trees beyond. At night we were quite willing to walk out a little distance with our guards and lie down upon their great

cloaks, unfailingly spread for us —to breathe in the fresh air of heaven, to fill our lungs and quiet our nerves. Sometimes the guards would bring us grapes to eat, or pears, or apples, and then we sat up and feasted. Once, when I unwisely presumed to wander too far by myself, an unwary step sent me headlong over the edge of a bank. I struck on the side of my face, and, continuing to fall after striking, scratched ugly ridges into my face from the edge of my hair to below the cheekbone. Here, again, was an instance showing how gladly we would have welcomed death from a natural cause, to free us from the horrors of our condition as captives. I am sure I made no outcry, and had only a feeling of disappointment, when I was helped to my feet, to find that beyond scratched hands and face, and the general shock from the fall, nothing had befallen me which would not in time be healed. The "Good Man" here appeared in a new *rôle*, for he produced from somewhere some antiseptic cotton, with which my wounds were washed and bound up. Enough gravel remained ingrained in my face to have caused lasting scars, under any ordinary circumstances, but now, thirty weeks after the fall, almost nothing remains to remind me of that accident. When my face and head were bandaged, my appearance must have been ludicrous enough, for Mrs. Tsilka still laughs at the remembrance of it. However, neither of us had any desire to look at all attractive in that company. She, being young, often pulled her white head-kerchief far down over her eyes, almost hiding her face.

It was during these days that we found several opportunities to talk with some of our guards concerning some of the truths in God's Word which gave us such comfort, and kept us steady and generally even cheerful in our strange and gruesome surroundings. One day two of the younger brigands were our guards. Time hung heavy on their hands. They were quite willing to talk. We looked into God's record of some of those who made their human lives sublime and their names immortal because they accepted God's plan for them, and hated wrong, while they gave themselves to be possessed by the right. We talked of Joseph, exalted from his prison to honor second only to King Pharaoh; of Joshua, mighty as was Moses, because God was with him; of Daniel, delivered from his den of lions, because no sin was found in him, and his God, in whom he trusted, sent and shut the lions' mouths. We talked of the abstinence of Daniel and his three friends, and made it the text for a little temperance sermon. The brigands were greatly addicted to smoking, and one of these young ones was rarely to be seen without a cigarette in his mouth, while his companion, we were thankful to note, was as rarely to be seen with one. This seemed to me too good an opportunity to be lost, and I told them of the experience of some of our American "first young men" who were rejected by the army medical examiners when they applied with their regiments of militia to be accepted by the general government for service in Cuba. Some of them wept and implored to be allowed to go. Others offered money for the privilege. The examiners were inexorable. "You have a weak heart, a tobacco-heart, which cannot be trusted to bear the shocks of war." So they stayed in America because they had loved their cigars too well. Not long after, I was delighted to find Meeter trying to live without his smoking.

While we were talking upon the necessity of being right with God and right with men, Meeter said: "Then we brigands must go to the bottom of 'the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone!'" We said to him, "God never made that place of punishment for you or me or any human being. He prepared it 'for the devil and his angels.' No soul will ever get there unless he chooses the companionship of these evil ones, and rejects God and all His sweet constraints toward truth and holiness." The young man listened, and several times afterward borrowed our Bible for reading. Some of the older men did the same. God knows whether it was to scoff at it, or to find some comfort from its sacred pages. With some of the older brigands we also had a few talks on religious topics. One evening, under the starry skies, two of us stood and talked of the mighty power and love of our God, who stretched the majesty and the beauty of the heavens, into which we nightly gazed. It was easy then to talk with that brigand, for something stilled his tongue. Was it the solemnity of the night? Was it a realization that God was there? Certain it was that he seemed to listen without caviling, though from his lips sometimes fell words indescribably shocking to us with their blasphemous unbelief. "Who knows whether God made man, or man God!" he questioned once, and several times, when too copious drafts of intoxicants made him careless of speech, he said: "God is an old man. He cannot do His work without us to help Him!" Thus said others of our guards, until we almost expected some instant visitation from heaven upon them for their infidel blasphemy. Yet He came to us by His signal deliverances, when even the hardest-hearted

must have admitted to himself: "God alone has saved us!"

During the autumn nights we were taken out from the hiding-places in which we were so closely concealed all day. When we did not travel, we lay on our couch of the men's cloaks, or on leaves or straw, as the brigands might find for us. My young companion slept the deep sleep of youth, while I kept watch, not being able to abandon care. One evening, weeks after our capture, when we had thus been taken out of doors under the trees, one of our guard suddenly inquired if I had heard that President McKinley had been shot. He might have refrained from asking, since we had no way of learning anything unless they chose to tell us. Inexpressibly shocked, and almost unbelieving that any one could be found wicked enough to lift a hand against our noble, loving, and beloved President, I questioned to learn all the man would communicate. When he ceased, I took a liberty never presumed upon before, and paced up and down, keeping well under the shadow of trees. For a time no one objected; then there was an alarm. Some one was approaching, who might be merely a stranger, or might be a foe. "Gather yourself together and sit down!" was the imperative order to me in an undertone. I quickly obeyed. The men stealthily crouched behind stone walls and trees, took aim with their guns, and waited. The intruder proved to be inoffensive, and the alarm passed. Nothing, however, could lift the burden of sorrow from my heart. Our noble President cut down, weeks before, and there was no one to tell me whether he still lived wounded, or had died. What was his beloved wife doing? What was our nation doing? Some time after, in answer to my repeated inquiries, the man said that President McKinley had died. I felt lonely and desolate, a foreigner in a strange land, indeed, when none of them evinced any sorrow whatever at that tragic taking off of one of the most uplifted and spotless of characters. So little did they care or appreciate my sorrowful feelings, that they would frequently indulge in dances, singing softly to themselves the accompaniment. One Albanian dance was especially weird and grotesque. After the cold weather obliged the brigands to put on their white woolen leggings, they seemed elfish, not human, with their legs suspended spider-like, in the movements of this dance. Sometimes they would take merrier measures of Greek, Bulgarian, or Turkish dances. When chilled by cold, they danced to warm their feet. The doctor, when without his cloak, because either Mrs. Tsilka or I was wearing it, often slipped under Chaoosh's, and the two had a merry dance and song, provoking merriment in us all.

"They had permitted me to write an appeal to secure the balance of the sum"

We had begun to hear rumors of movements on our behalf. The brigands said that Dr. Haskell had promptly complied with my request, and had gone to Constantinople to confer with Mr. Peet and the representatives of our government there. They seemed much

Donka Iliева *Mareeka Stamenova* *Mrs. Tsilka* *Miss Stone* *Athena Dimeva* *Mrs. Kerefinka Oosheva*

MISS STONE'S BIBLE CLASS IN BANSKO, MACEDONIA

Five of whom were with her when she was abducted

pleased with his prompt, decisive action. After a little they seemed less pleased; began to give vague intimation that there was a widespread movement on our account; that the United States Government had called upon Britain and Russia to aid her in finding us, and in bringing our abductors to justice. They also said that our pictures were in papers, that souvenir postal-cards representing us with the brigands had been gotten out, etc., to all of which we listened as in a dream.

It was evident that affairs had taken such a turn that it was of no use for the brigands to enforce their threats of taking our lives after the expiration of a certain number of days, if they hoped to secure the ransom. But would they keep us indefinitely? There had been a fearful afternoon some time before, when they had gathered again, and commanded me to write a third letter, extending the limit of our lives by *ten days* more of grace! Again the black cloud of hopelessness settled down over my soul, as they commanded me to write that, if the ransom were not forthcoming at the expiration of the ten days, they should "proceed to the operation" of taking our lives. The "Bad Man" was not of the number this time. It was the "Good Man" and his associate in guarding us, who conducted this interview, and showed us how terrible even they could be. "If the full amount of ransom cannot be raised in this short time," I found courage at last to say, "you cannot proceed to murder us, women who have done you no harm. It would be a shame and a reproach to Turkey!" At this the "Good Man" (heaven help the title!) burst out in uncontrollable fury: "Why shame and reproach to take the life of two women, when unnumbered women and children in Turkey suffer nameless outrages, and are put to death daily!" His fierceness showed me the uselessness of any appeal for mercy to these men. I turned with a bursting heart and overflowing eyes to write the awful alternative which they set before me. Just then—was it a miracle which God wrought to give new courage to my sorely tried heart?—looking up at the sky, the rain came suddenly dashing in oblique lines from a black cloud; then burst out the sunshine, showing one of the most brilliant rainbows just before our eyes, which I have ever seen. Scarcely had it faded when it was repeated at a little greater remove, but hardly less brilliantly than at first. We laid to heart the sweet assurance that our God had not and would not desert us, however helpless

we might seem to be in the hands of our captors. "If thou canst break My covenant of the day and of the night, so that there shall be no day or night," sang its sweet assurance of steadfast abiding in the faithfulness of God, and our hearts were strengthened.

Some time later we were told that Consul-General Dickinson had gone from Constantinople to Sophia to undertake our case in person. We were not told whether Dr. Haskell had requested him to take this responsibility, or whether he had himself wished to do it, or whether our government at Washington had asked this service of him. We only knew that he was now the one to treat with the brigands. The intelligence was very welcome to me personally, as I had met the Consul and his family, socially, the previous year, and knew him to be a sagacious man and an earnest Christian. I told all this to the brigands, and implored them to allow me to write to him a letter undictated by them. Strange to say, they complied with my request, gave me pen, ink, and paper, and left me free to write.

A great and marvelous thing had happened that morning, which had lifted Mrs. Tsilka and myself to the seventh heaven of joy and hope. It was now October 29th. During the night the brigand who had been in Sophia negotiating had arrived at the sheepfold on the mountain-side in which we were then kept. No sign was given to us of his arrival until we had made our limited preparations for the day. Then he came, with others of his companions, and stood before us. Right gladly we greeted him, for we were always hoping for tidings about the payment of the ransom when he came. With a pleasant smile he held out a letter toward me. I could scarcely trust my eyes. A letter—for me! At last a message from somebody in God's great world. Then we were not forgotten. "Do you recognize the handwriting?" he asked, as I studied the superscription. "Indeed I do," I answered unhesitatingly. "It is the handwriting of one of my own dear pupils, a graduate of our mission school in Samokov, one of whom we are always proud as the present Court Stationer to Prince Ferdinand at Sophia." "Read it then." With joy radiating from every tone of voice and feature of face, Mrs. Tsilka keeping close by my side, I read the blessed words in my own language:

MY DEAR KAKA* STONE:—

You must think by this time that your friends have forgotten you, but remember that you will find when once you are with us again that your true friends have tried to do all that they can for you, and more than that, *God has put it into the hearts of others who have never known you, to work, perhaps, the hardest of all*, for you to be saved. We are working and praying day and night for you. Your friend and mine in Philippopolis gets letters from Mrs. Atwood. Your brothers and mother are well, but very anxious for you. My mother and my three boys are well, praying for and constantly talking of you. God be with you! Please write on this same letter with your own hand what you have to say, and, if possible, of your condition, and send it back by the same man who brought it to you.

Hoping to see you soon, I am with love,

Your LITTLE SISTER.

* Kahkah, as this word is pronounced, is the term used for an older sister, and is the dear name by which this friend and her husband had for years called me.

The men stood around watching us, and eagerly listening while I translated the letter into Bulgarian—this was the only language which we had in common, as I was not sufficiently familiar with Turkish, Greek, or Albanian, in which languages we heard them speaking. As they heard the expressions, "We work and pray for you," and again, "My children and my mother pray for you," the "Bad Man" said with a sneer, "Yes, they pray and they pray, but where's the money?" But nothing could trouble us now. We were too happy with this first written assurance that some one was remembering and loving us, and praying and working for us, to mind the insults of the "Bad Man" or any of his companions. We hastened to ask for pen and ink, to comply with the request of my friend to write the answer on the same sheet of paper. It was with great reluctance that I realized that I must give up this letter which seemed so like a message from heaven, until the man who brought it suggested that I might copy it. Pen and ink were brought. I copied the precious words, and we kept them, with our Bible, for frequent reading, to encourage our hearts with this proof of the anxiety and loving activity of some of our Bulgarian friends on our behalf.

Having written the letter upon the remaining pages of the same sheet, I begged the brigands to permit me to write a letter to Consul-General Dickinson, who was in Sophia. Permission was granted me to do this, and I wrote a full account of our situation; told him how exposed we were to the weather, which had become inclement; and that as we had only the thin summer garments in which we were captured, we suffered from the cold. I then begged him to do all in his power to free us at the earliest possible date from our sufferings, and assured him of the satisfaction which I felt that he had undertaken the case, for I saw in him not only the representative of our great and powerful nation, but a personal friend, who would bring every influence to bear to secure our release from the brigands.

Facsimile of one of the souvenir postal cards

After finishing this letter, I begged permission to write another letter to my mother and family. The men looked grave over this request, but finally gave a reluctant consent.

What a delightful day we spent over that writing! It was not easy to sit curled up *à la Turque*, writing all one day on one's knees, but the delight of being allowed to write and to have a letter to answer far more than compensated for the discomfort. Late in the afternoon the letters and their translations were ready and delivered to the brigand who was to take them, whither we did not know, but who, we had faith to believe, would send them as designated. Then began another waiting time, but how different our feelings now! We had received the assurance that loving hearts were aroused in our behalf, and were putting forth strenuous endeavors for our release. One of the brigands later, in commenting upon that day, remarked, "We saw then the power of a few written words to change lives."

Now that the burden of our captivity was in a measure lightened, inasmuch as the hope which the brigands also had that they should receive the ransom for which they had captured and were so resolutely holding us, had changed their demeanor toward us to one of consideration, we could observe the details of their life about us. We noticed them occasionally playing games, rolling stones in the open square of the deserted sheepfold on the mountain-side in which we were then confined. Once in a while two of the merrier-hearted among them would stand up for a dance, to the accompaniment of the air hummed by the music lover. But the cold was upon us, and the threatening weather compelled the men to remove us from that location.

That night came the snow as we traveled. I had cherished a fond hope that we should either be released, or should receive word that we were to be released before Thanksgiving Day. Consul-General Dickinson, who had been so long in Sophia, negotiating on behalf of our government, as an American, I reasoned, would naturally return to his family in Constantinople to keep this great feast day; but we waited and watched in vain for the return of the brigand who had been sent to treat with him.

The night before Thanksgiving, overborne with hope deferred and the sorrowful pictures conjured up by my mind of the many homes in America which, like us, had waited in vain for some joyful tidings, I was pacing up and down in a tiny space in one corner, when the guard on duty observed to Mrs. Tsilka the unhappiness of my mood and remarked upon it. "How can she be happy," said she, "when to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day in her country?" She then went on to tell him the meaning of the day, how it was observed, and what happy experiences she had had during the years she had spent in American homes. That young brigand laid her words to heart, and must have influenced his companions in the band, for the next morning, when we had made our scanty preparations for the day, he said nonchalantly, "A turkey has been killed. How would you like it cooked?" The touch of kindness, so unexpected, from a captor to his captive, dissipated in great measure the cloud of sadness which weighed down my spirits, and, thanking God for this mercy, we put on a more cheerful mien. In another way, they made the morning appear like Christmas morning, for another brigand came in and spread out upon our pallet of straw purchases which some one had made for us. There were warm woolen socks, a pair of thick woolen nether garments, over which we laughed and laughed, in place of the long leggings for which we had asked. During the cold winter nights of our subsequent travels we saw that

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ELLEN M. STONE
FROM HER LATEST PORTRAIT

the brigand's choice for us was much wiser than our own would have been. Thus the day passed more cheerfully than we would have believed was possible.

They kept from us the knowledge which they had all day of the failure of negotiations for the ransom in Sophia. Their messenger was with them Thanksgiving morning, but kept out of our sight all the day. The next morning, however, they told us the sad news, with stern determination adding:

"Now we'll take you so far away that not even a bird will know where you are, eight hours (about twenty-five miles) from everywhere. We'll keep you five years, if necessary, but we'll have the money!"

We said, "We must have warmer clothes to wear," and asked them if they could not pro-

cure for us some woolen homespun. They inquired if we could make the dresses, for they said, "Of course you can have no machine." We begged them to get the cloth, and trust us to be able to use it. Some days later there was a roll of thick brown homespun laid in our corner, and a smaller roll of still thicker white woolen cloth, like what they used for their foot wrappings under their moccasins. Then followed busy days, for they hurried us to be ready. Our fingers were stiff and lame from cutting and sewing this unwieldy material, but in two days our skirts and sacks were in wearable condition. Along with the homespun, wonderful to say, those brigands had remembered buttons and braid, the latter of so heavy a quality and abundant quantity as to allow us one row for trimming.

The next night they started with us for that threatened destination of our more distant exile. We traveled and traveled night after night, through piercing winds and bitter cold, ascending to a great altitude, until we reached a little opening where stood two huts which men sent before had just built. The freshly hewn trees, the ground covered with chips, branches strewn all about, showed how hastily the work had been done. They took us to the smaller of the two rude structures. An open fire blazed in one end opposite the door. Before it had been spread down the coverings of our bed. That was all there was room for in our hut. Theirs, at a little remove, was larger, but they made their fire outside before their door. Alas for our visions of a place which we might fit up with a woman's ingenuity with some small degree of comfort! There was no way to keep out the cold wind which swept through the chinks between the split logs of which our hut was composed. The men covered us with their cloaks, leaving themselves exposed to the rigors of the winter nights, but even then they saw they could not keep us well. Beside this, we had left an open trail behind us, which exposed the party to danger of discovery. In this lonely mountain retreat in the leafless forest, with towering peaks encircling us about at still greater heights, what was there to hinder some adventurous hunter for wild game, or spy with evil intent from seeing those two huts, with smoke issuing from them, or even the captive women, moving freely about outside their own door? For here we were allowed freedom to go out of doors, to look upon the blue sky, to thank God that once more we might see the light of day. The very first morning a sweet bird sang to us, disproving the prophecy of the men that they would hide us where even a bird could not find us. A certain brigand boasted that he, better than any other, knew how to roast a sheep before the open fire. Toward evening, one day, a huge fire was kindled before the door of their hut, a sheep killed and spitted upon a long green branch, and the roasting process began. Tired of staying alone, and dreading the long evening without light, save from the fire in our hut, we walked down to their rendezvous. They did not seem displeased that we had taken this liberty, but indicated to us a seat upon a log, and later, put a sack filled with leaves behind our backs to break the force of the wind. Here we sat to watch the roasting, and to regale ourselves with the pleasing odor, for our appetites were keen upon that mountain-side. Our supper of black whole-wheat bread and roast mutton had a particular relish that night.

Finally our captors came to be of our opinion that the place was unsafe, and lost no time in moving us. Again there were nights of great exposure and of suffering from the cold. They made for us, at their captives' suggestion, boots of sheepskin, which we could wear outside our rubbers, and these materially mitigated our suffering from cold feet. Of course it would not do for us to be losing our rubbers, as we had done before, when removing our feet, numbed with cold, from our rope stirrups, that we might warm them by swinging them.

On this return journey, one night, our guards made a stop in a place where it was against their inclinations to stop, but did so out of consideration for Mrs. Tsilka's sufferings from a longer journey. That night was enacted the tragedy of an attempt on the part of another band of highwaymen, who had arrived at the same place a little before us, to take us captives from the brigand band that held us, and secure the ransom for themselves. Our ever-watchful guards in some way became suspicious of the plot and were on the alert. As the darkness settled upon us, there was a sudden sound of musketry. Mrs. Tsilka was roused from deep sleep, horror-stricken by the sudden alarm. We captives were alone, in absolute darkness. It was my custom to watch while she slept, and I had observed whisperings and movements which assured me that something unusual was being prepared for. Our guards were outside, and successfully resisted the first attack. One or two came inside and moved us into an inner compartment—a closet. Here we crouched in a corner through all the hours of the night, a guard of our own captors remaining with us. Occasional shots kept us aware that the place was besieged all night. At about twelve o'clock (Turkish), as dawn was approaching,

they took us to the horses, which had been ready for our journey during the night, and we essayed our escape. A shot fired in our direction, just as Mrs. Tsilka was being mounted, drove us quickly back under shelter. The men maintained their guard. Later a villager approached, proposing terms of treaty. A shot from a guard stationed above us and suspicious of treachery struck in his heart, and with a loud cry he fell dead. We waited yet longer in suspense, not knowing whether a sudden rush would be made to overpower our captors and fire the place, or whether Turkish troops had been summoned to their aid by our attackers. During this moment Mrs. Tsilka and I decided the question that if worst came to worst we would take our death at the hands of the guard who stood over us rather than fall into the hands of those unknown highwaymen or of Turkish troops.

As the morning wore away, our men decided to make another attempt to escape. No shots had been heard for some time, and they gathered that the enemy might have withdrawn. Cautiously, and fearing every instant a shot from behind us, we climbed the steep ascent to gain the path. At length we had passed the brow of the hill and were hidden from sight. No shot had been fired, nor had we heard the voice of pursuers. We were exhausted with the climb, and a brigand ventured back and brought up two horses for us. We hastily mounted, caring nothing that no pillow or blanket softened the wooden ribs of our pack-saddles. We took the halters in our own hands, and with hearts overflowing with relief at our merciful preservation, we hurried on after the men who led the way, who constantly turned to us with injunctions to make speed.

What a wonderful day that was to us, when captors and captured alike rejoiced in their salvation from the horrible fate which threatened all through the night. We freely said to them, "God has saved us," and one of them admitted, "I prayed, too, I tell you; I prayed from the bottom of my heart." And we said, "We know you did, for only God could have saved us."

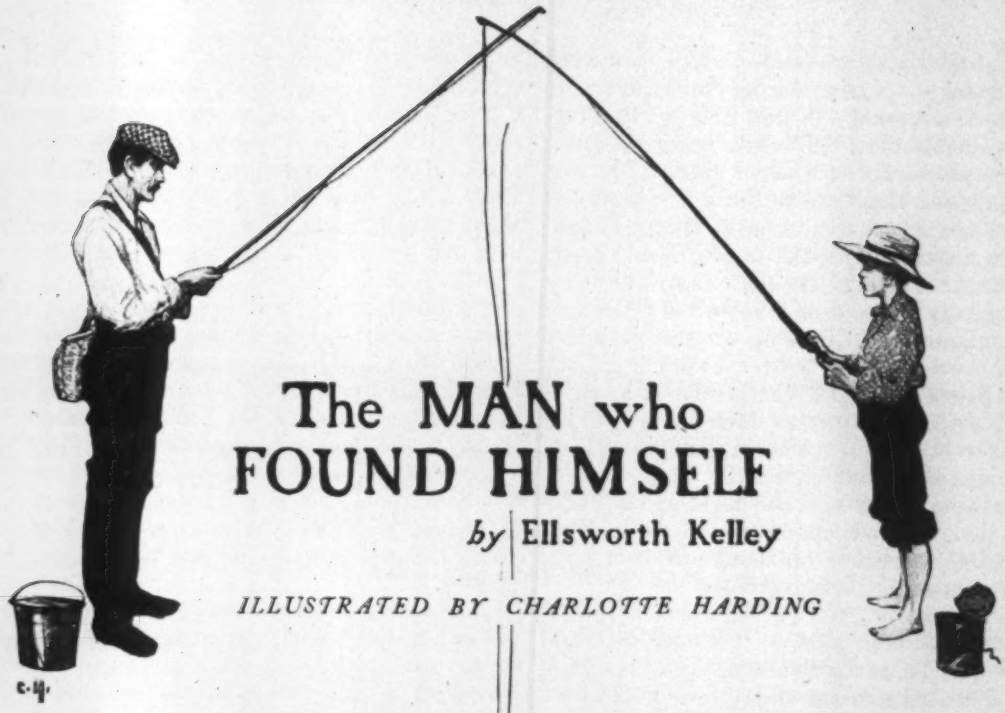
This was the most desperate of our encounters during our nearly six months of captivity, but there was not a night during which we traveled, nor a day during which we were hidden away from the knowledge of every one in the world save those who held us, helpless in their power, when we were not exposed to dire peril. Vigilant watch was always kept on every side. Our prayer to be allowed to go out into the fresh air, or to lift dark curtains, or to remove board shutters, so that a little more light might come to us, was refused, lest some stranger might by some chance discover where they were hiding us. Many a day we were not allowed to speak above a whisper, lest some strange man should hear and betray us. Of course, we were never allowed to sing. One Sabbath night, early in our captivity, while we were concealed in a spot in which the cradle for hay indicated that its use was a stable, the remembrance of our happy Sabbath evenings at home came strongly upon me, and I said to Mrs. Tsilka, "I wonder if they would let me sing—of course, softly." We seemed to be on a hill-side, remote from any habitation. Our guard noted the query, and remarked to Mrs. Tsilka, "Let her understand that she is to do nothing without permission."

Sometimes it seemed to us that we should never know our own voices again; that we should need to learn to walk, so long did we sit curled up tailorwise in the corners allotted to our use. "I don't believe we can ever laugh again," said Mrs. Tsilka, "if we are ever freed." The sadness of hope deferred ate into our very souls. Thus passed the long weeks of waiting. Sometimes the brigands vouchsafed to us a few words of rumors from the outside world. More frequently they told us stories at which we wondered whether they could be true or not, but which we had no way of disproving, until after our release we learned that they had told them to us as fairy tales are told to children.

Meantime we were left to wonder and wonder why we were not ransomed, if it were true, as our captors said, that the money had been raised. Once, indeed, in their mood of desperation at receiving back to their midst one of their own number, with a command from our negotiating party in Sophia, which they chose to regard as a pretext merely to gain time, the men had said to me, "This note that you now write is the last letter you will ever write." The letter was an appeal to the American public to secure the balance of the sum, if all had not yet been raised, or, to demand that such pressure be brought upon the parties holding the ransom that the money should be paid.

The burden of confinement and of anxiety was becoming intolerable. The plea was written and dispatched, and again we waited, hearing nothing from it. This was early in December, and we waited, and waited, and New Year's found us still waiting.

(To be continued)



The MAN who FOUND HIMSELF

by Ellsworth Kelley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE HON. W. H. McGUIRE sat on a log on the bank of Walnut Creek, getting his paraphernalia ready for a day's fishing.

Already he had secured his bucket of minnows, and had selected his location for angling, a pool just above the riffle, bordered on the opposite side with drooping willows that almost reached down to dabble the ends of their overhanging branches in the water. If bass were to be found anywhere in Walnut Creek, by all indications it should be right there.

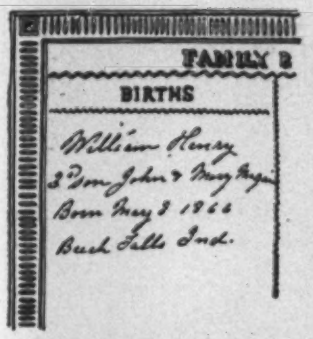
At this particular moment he was engaged in putting together his jointed bamboo-rod. As he lifted the third section to screw it into place, he was struck with a thought of such startling nature, that he paused involuntarily and was soon lost in reverie. It had suddenly come to him that he was lost, had been lost for many years, and that he had not realized it until now.

Not bodily lost. He knew his present location, even to township, range, and section. Nor yet lost in a physical or moral sense. He was a very good man, was the Hon. W. H. McGuire, and held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens, as the last November vote had testified. But, as he sat there, there came to him a sudden memory from his boyhood days. He had been so very, very busy these past dozen years that he had hardly given a thought to the old days.

Now he called to mind just how his name looked in the big leather-bound family Bible, written out in his father's plain, old-fashioned hand. "William Henry, third son of John and Mary McGuire." Then followed the date and place of his birth. But he had never been called by that name except on rare occasions by his father, in tones that presaged sorrow and reproof. Of course he was not counting the time when he was graduated from the Riverside High School, when he was reluctant to have his name printed out in full, but was overruled by the principal, in consequence of which he made a one-night appearance as William Henry McGuire.

He thought of that September morning when he had started for college. All the boys and girls of his set were down to the 8.30 train to see him off. His last memory of their faces was the glimpse he had from the car window as the train pulled out of the station. The boys had yelled "Good-by, Billy!" and the girls had shouted "Be a good boy, Billy-boy!" and had waved their handkerchiefs until shut from sight by the curve around Gravelback hill. Now the fact dawned on him that that was the last time he had heard a friendly voice say "Billy."

In college he had been plain McGuire. During the time he was reading law in the office in the city he was "young McGuire." Then, when admitted to the bar, he had hurried away to the West to woo fame and fortune; had picked out the County Seat as an eligible place to begin, and, for a time,



was W. H. McGuire, attorney. Later he became "our leading lawyer, McGuire," and at last, "our eloquent young orator and present representative from this county, the Honorable W. H. McGuire."

As he felt the breath of the south wind blowing up creek, and listened to the whistling of the redbirds, he thought, for the moment, that he would gladly give all his honors for the sake of hearing the boys say "Billy" in the old careless, affectionate way.

"Do you care if I fish in this hole, too?"

McGuire looked up. A ten-year-old boy, with a fishing-pole across his shoulder, stood before him. The lad had a sunburned face beneath his straw hat, and his deep blue eyes set McGuire puzzling as to when and where he had seen their like before. Aside from the straw hat, the boy's wardrobe consisted of the two essential garments—a checked shirt and a pair of blue denim overalls, held in place by a solitary suspender.

"Do you care if I fish in this hole, too?" repeated the boy, not quite sure whether or not the gentleman had heard his first query.

Mr. McGuire did not care. In fact, he would be very glad to have his company. He said so.

"This is my Pa's crick," volunteered the boy; "but he lets anybody fish in it 'at wants to."

He unwound the line from his hickory pole, dug a worm out of the dirt in his old tomato can, impaled it, spit on the bait, and cast it with a swish into the pool. Mr. McGuire went to his own bait can, selected a minnow, hooked it through the back, and made a long cast into the deep water by the willows.

"Do you use minnies for bait?"

"Yes. I'm fishing for bass."

"And can you catch 'em that way?"

"Sure! Can you catch 'em any other way?"

"No, I can't! I've tried lots o' times, too. I've seen 'em in the clear water—great big fellows—and I've tried time and time again with nice fat grub-worms. They'd always swim around, sort o' lazy-like, and act like they was smellin' the bait, and then they'd sort o' turn up their noses and swim off like they was sayin', 'I ain't much hungry for grubs to-day.' I thought there ought to be some sort o' bait they liked, but I never could make out what it was. Oh, look-ee! You've got a bite!"

Mr. McGuire was already looking. His line was cutting through the water at a tremendous rate. He checked the reeling out of the line with his thumb for an instant, to make sure of fastening his fish, felt satisfied with the sharp tug at the line, and slowly reeled out more line. He played his captive back and forth, keeping it just out of the overhanging willows, and at the end of five minutes landed his fish. It was the first time the boy had witnessed the scientific capture of a black bass.

"Isn't he a beauty! He's a whole foot long, and I'll bet he weighs two pounds if he weighs anything at all! Why, I didn't know there was a fish that big in this crick!"

Mr. McGuire laughed an almost boyish laugh. "It's a pretty good morning for bass. This place hasn't been fished much, anyway, I should judge. I shouldn't wonder if the whole creek is full of them."

The boy's face was worth seeing. He hesitated a moment and then asked:

"Say, mister, what's your name, anyway?"

"M—." Then Mr. McGuire paused. Then he said, "My name? Oh, well, I guess when I go fishing with a boy it's my boy name—Billy! I think we will have a first-rate time to-day if you just call me Billy. At least I shall."

The boy pondered a moment.

"My name's Tommy—Tommy Haskins. Say—Billy—do you s'pose I could catch a bass on my hook—with your kind of bait?"

"Why, yes! You may not have as much fun out of it as you would have with a reel; but if you don't jerk too hard, you'll probably catch as many as I do. Help yourself to the bait."

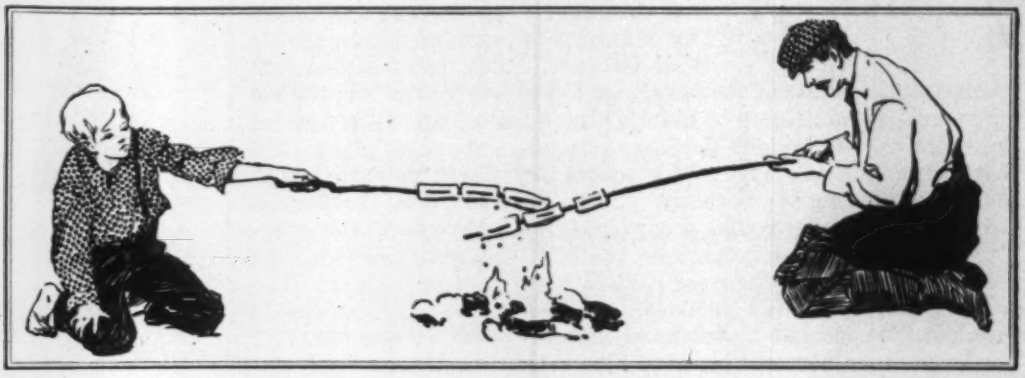
"Have you good'n' plenty?"

"He is certainly good mannered," mused Billy. Then, aloud, "Plenty? Oceans of them! Besides, when I go fishing I always go snooks—cahoots—partners, you know—with the other fellow. The bass will not bite much more than half an hour longer, and then we'll have a try for sun-fish and blue-gills, and you'll have to divide your worms with me."

The boy was unaffectedly delighted. Billy showed him how to bait his hook, meanwhile explaining to him the theory of proper baiting. Then he busied himself with his own line.

"Oh, Billy!"

That was all. But it told volumes of excitement and gratified triumph. Billy looked around. The hickory fish-pole was bent, the line stretched taut and flinging off a little spray of water in the sunshine, and the boy's arms were stretching out, farther, farther.



"Wade in! Wade in, I tell you! He'll break the line if you don't wade in! Wade up creek!"

If the command had been to wade through fire, the boy would have obeyed unhesitatingly. In he waded.

"That's right! Hold your pole sideways, so he'll take the spring of the pole! Good boy! Now do it again, and keep doing it every time he turns. You'll make a fisherman yet!"

Back and forth the boy played the fish, until it showed signs of tiring.

"Now draw him in—gently. Hold your pole sideways. If he makes a rush with the pole held straight he'll break the line! Lift him out—still sideways! I'll declare, if he isn't an inch longer than mine!"

Tommy Haskins looked joyously on the dark stripes of the bass as it lay there on the gravel, flopping and palpitating by turns. He could think of nothing better to say than:

"I caught him all by myself, didn't I? I wish my Pa could have been here to see me!"

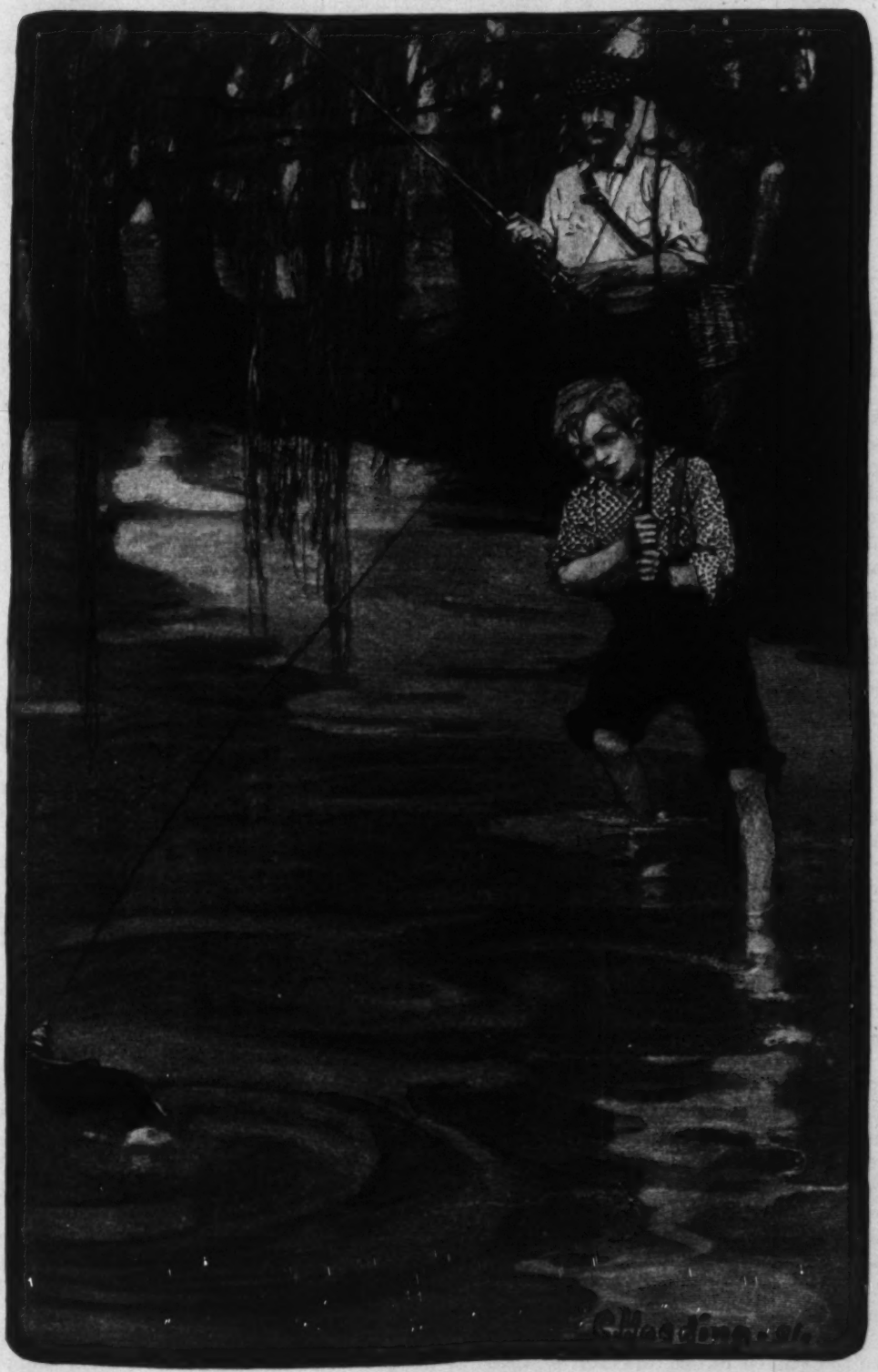
When the bass had ceased biting, they had five beauties, three to the credit of Tommy Haskins. Billy put them in the fish basket and anchored them in the running water at the ripple. The boy now yielded to his social inclinations.

"Whereabouts do you live, Billy?"

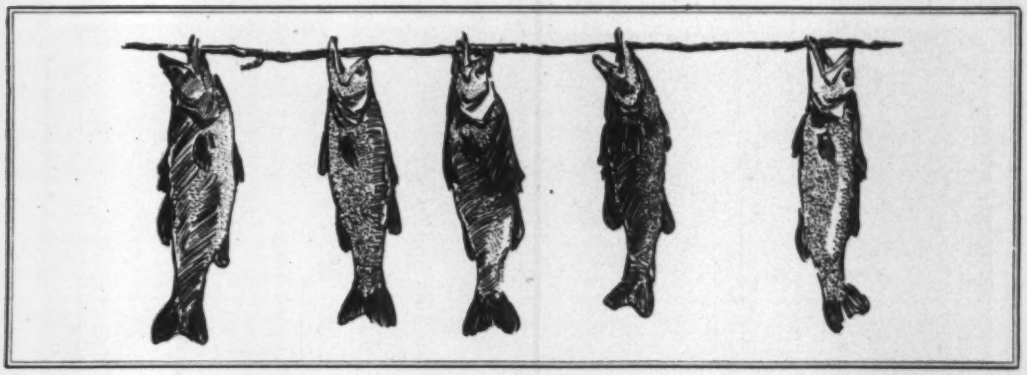
"Oh, I stay up at the County Seat. My boy home was back East—in Indiana."

"Indiana! Why, there's where my Pa and Ma came from! They talk about back there sometimes. This spring, when it got to thawin' of mornin's and freezin' of nights, and then thawin' again of mornin's, Pa said it seemed like it ought to be good sugar-water weather back there, and my Ma said she'd give a purty to be back to my gran'pa's while they was makin' maple sugar and tree-molasses. Pa bought a cake o' maple sugar this spring. He said he wanted me to know what maple sugar tastes like. But I heard my Ma tell Pa, after I was gone to bed, that that stuff didn't taste no more like maple sugar than gravy tastes like cow-butter. *I* thought it was awful good, though!"

"Say," said Billy, struck with a sudden thought, "I'll tell you what, Tommy Haskins! You take these fish down to the house and give 'em to your Ma, and ask her to cook 'em for supper. And tell her you have a particular friend fishing with you today, and that you'd like to have him down for supper. And tell her he's from Indiana! And tell her I want you to come back and eat dinner with me. Oh, I've got plenty along! I always do take plenty when I go fishing. I never know how long I might want to stay. And, say! You've got some bacon at the house? Well, bring up about half



"'He'll break the line if you don't wade in!'"



a dozen slices and I'll cook something good!"

When Tommy Haskins got back, Billy had a fire going. He had also taken the laprobe for a table-cloth, and had spread a dinner that looked very tempting to the country boy. There were ham sandwiches, and a bottle of stuffed olives, and cheese, and cookies, and oranges, and bananas, and a tin box of sardines. Billy explained: "I always take some fish with me when I go fishing. Then, if I don't catch any, why, I have fish anyhow."

Then Billy cut a couple of small hickory sprouts, and, sharpening an end of each, gave one to Tommy Haskins and said, "Now, you do just what you see me do. I'm going to show you how to cook." Then he took three of the slices of bacon, impaled them, and held them over the bed of coals to broil. Tommy Haskins did likewise with the other three slices. Soon a tantelizingly appetizing odor came from the bacon as the grease sputtered down on the hot coals, and the raw sides of the strips took on a delicate brown.

"U-m-m! I didn't know bacon could smell so good. It fairly makes my mouth water!"

"It tastes as good as it smells, too, on a picnic like this," responded Billy.

It was a glorious dinner. Tommy Haskins said as much, and Billy heartily agreed with him. It was the first time Tommy Haskins had ever tasted sardines. He said they were "awful good." Billy did not care for any. He said so. That is why Tommy Haskins ate them all. Real French sardines *are* good. Billy said he had his mouth fixed for bass for supper, and he didn't propose to spoil his appetite by filling up on sardines. Tommy Haskins was sure it would not affect *his* appetite. He did not like the stuffed olives, however, and said so frankly. Billy liked stuffed olives and ate them all. He explained that stuffed olives always gave him an appetite for bass; and then each of them ate three slices of the broiled bacon and wished for more. When the last crumb of the dinner had disappeared they looked at each other and smiled.

Then it was that Tommy Haskins said, "Billy, did you ever hear tell of folks eatin' frogs?"

"Yes."

"Well; but do you believe it?"

"Why, yes! In fact, I've eaten them many a time myself."

"Gee!"

"They're good! Better than spring chicken—a whole lot better!"

"Gee-mi-nee Crickets!"

"They are. You just take the hind legs, skin them, roll them in cracker dust, fry them in butter, and they're just—honkey!"

"Say! I know where there's a whole million of 'em. But we haven't no gun nor nothin' to shoot 'em with."

"You do? Then we'll have a few! I know how to get 'em."

Billy cut a bit of red cloth from the corner of the laprobe and proceeded to wrap the hooks.

"Anything red makes a bullfrog angry. It's like shaking a red rag at a bull. You want to pick out your frog, hold the hook out in front of him, and ten chances to one he'll make a jump for it and get caught. We'll have more fun this afternoon than we can shake a stick at."

"Well, I might have known that, if I'd only thought! Why, when my Pa was a little boy, back in Indiana, one time his Ma set him to weedin' the onions. And he weeded, and weeded, and weeded, and purty soon he got tired of it. He was just a little boy, you know. And then, all at once, he happened to think of the old stock well, that had about a thousan' frogs in it. 'Peared like the old Bad-man put it into his mind. That's what Pa says *now*. And the more he thought of it, the more he felt just like he *had* to go down to that old

stock well and catch those frogs. So he got a string, and he made a hook out of a bent pin,—'cause he didn't have no sure-'nough fish-hook—and he tied on a little piece of red flannel for bait. And then he went down to that old stock well. And he sneaked out through the big orchard to do it. He's told me so lots o' times!

"And he fished, and he fished, and he caught a whole lot—both pockets full of 'em; 'cause he said so. And then he looked down in to pick out a perticular nice, big, old fat fellow. And, all at once, why, his little old soup-bowl hat it fell off and went right smack-dab into the water, down in the old stock well. And he had to have that hat out of there, 'cause it was all the hat he had!

"So my Pa, he got over the curb and he climbed down there, stickin' his toes in the cracks just like he'd seen the hired hand do when he cleaned the old stock well out 'cause it had rabbits in it. And he got down all right, and he got his soup-bowl hat, and he clumb up again; and just as he was a puttin' one foot over the curb to climb out, his other foot slipped and down he went—ker-plunk! to the bottom of that old stock well. Yes-sir-he-did!

"And there he was, in ten feet o' water and a quarter mile from the house, and nobody else near. And when he come up to the top of the water, my Pa, he just gave a kick with both feet, like he'd seen frogs do, and he kicked right over to the big wood pump in the corner of that old stock well. And somehow he got a holt of it, and he shinned up that old pump, and he went to the house wetter'n a drownded rat! And then his Ma says—that's my gran'ma:

"'Land o' gracious, what you been at *now?*'

"And my Pa, he says, 'I've been fishin' for frogs and I fell in and oh, ma! if you'll let me off this time I'll never do it no more—never!' And he never did, 'cause he's told me so, lots o' times!"

They fished for frogs with fair success until late in the afternoon; then they started back to where they had left the horse and buggy. They loitered by the way, and built a little dam of stones across a shallow riffle. They sent flat pebbles skipping on the surface of the water. They answered the piping call of the quail somewhere out in the green wheat-field. At the cave, where the sandstone cliff arched over the creek, Billy discerned some slight depressions in the dry, dusty floor of the cave, such as one might make by pressing the finger tips gently into a little heap of dust.

Billy asked Tommy Haskins if he had ever seen the doodle bugs, and, receiving a negative answer, and the expression of Tommy Haskins's utter disbelief in their existence, he dropped down on his hands and knees, and began repeating the time-honored formula for charming doodle bugs from their subterranean home. The little mounds of dust began to tremble, and then the little dusty beetles came forth and whirled round and round in a very excited manner indeed. The boy looked his utter astonishment, and then exclaimed:

"Billy, I b'lieve you know purt' nigh everything!"

Billy smiled and replied: "I guess you know a thing or two yourself. Say! Do you s'pose your Ma has scaled those fish yet?"

"I don't know, but I bet she cooks 'em all right. Once my Ma was sick and we had a hired girl, and we purt' nigh starved to death! Pa could beat

"'*Why, it's Billy McGuire!*'"

her cookin' hisself. I heard him tell Ma so. But you just wait till you taste my Ma's cookin'!"

When they drove out into the smooth road along the west side of the section, Billy handed Tommy Haskins the lines and said:

"Now you drive a bit. Hold a good tight line, chirrup twice, and I guess Prince will not need any whip."

Tommy Haskins squared his elbows, chirruped twice, and the roadster shot forward with a suddenness that almost took the boy's breath. Prince could do a two-forty clip, and it was the first time Tommy Haskins had ever drawn line over anything faster than one of his Pa's old farm horses. The fence posts, the grazing cattle, the row of catalpa trees along the roadside, all seemed to be flying in the opposite direction. Tommy Haskins drew harder still upon the lines, his feet well braced against the foot-rail, but the horse only sped on the faster. Tommy Haskins gave a sideways glance of alarm at Billy.

"Is he—is he—running off?"

But Billy only laughed and said, "Ease up a bit on the lines and see."

Tommy Haskins slackened the lines, and very soon Prince had slowed down to a walk. The boy turned to Billy with delighted eyes, albeit his voice was trembling just a little.

"When I get to be a man I'm going to have a trotting horse—just like *him!*"

They walked Prince the rest of the way, and when they came to the strip of alfalfa along the creek bottom, now in full bloom and ready for the first cutting, Billy laid his hand on the lines and stopped the horse. The odor of the bloom was beginning to rise with the early-falling dew.

"Smells mighty good, don't it? But I just got a sniff of somethin' a heap nicer. Don't you smell it, too—Ma's coffee b'ilin'?"

When they reached the ranch house door, Tommy Haskins's Ma met them and started to extend Tommy's companion a hearty Kansas greeting, and to say that supper was already on the table, when she paused, scrutinized Billy's face closely, and exclaimed:

"Good land alive! If it isn't Billy McGuire! Pa! Pa! Come here this minut'! Here's Billy McGuire that I used to go to school with back in Indiana, long before I ever saw *you!* My memory's better'n yours, Billy McGuire! You don't know me? Don't you recollect the girl that used to hold you with one hand and wash your face in a snowbank with the other? Well, I'm *her!*"

Then Billy replied, while the sound of his boy name, spoken in an old-time voice, ran through his veins like wine, "Molly Briggs, sure as I live! I thought this morning that I had seen those eyes of Tommy's somewhere before!"

Tommy's Pa came forward, smiling, and shook hands cordially with Billy McGuire, and asked him if he had just come out to Kansas.

"Why, no!" said Billy. "I've lived at the County Seat for the last ten years."

"Well," put in Tommy's Ma, "we've been out here a dozen years this spring, and the last six of 'em right here on Walnut Crick. How on earth does it happen that we've never heard tell of you?" Then a flash of intelligence lit up her face. "It can't be—yes, it is so, too. Pa, I'll declare if you didn't vote for Billy last fall! Don't you remember—'For representative, W. H. McGuire?' I noticed the name at the time, but I never thought once of its bein' *Billy!*"

After supper, they insisted that Billy had to stay all night. But Billy declared that he was compelled to take the morning train for Topeka to look after a case he had in the Supreme Court. So they did the next best thing, and made the most of an old-fashioned evening visit that lasted until the hands on the big, old-fashioned clock pointed alarmingly to the XII on its face.

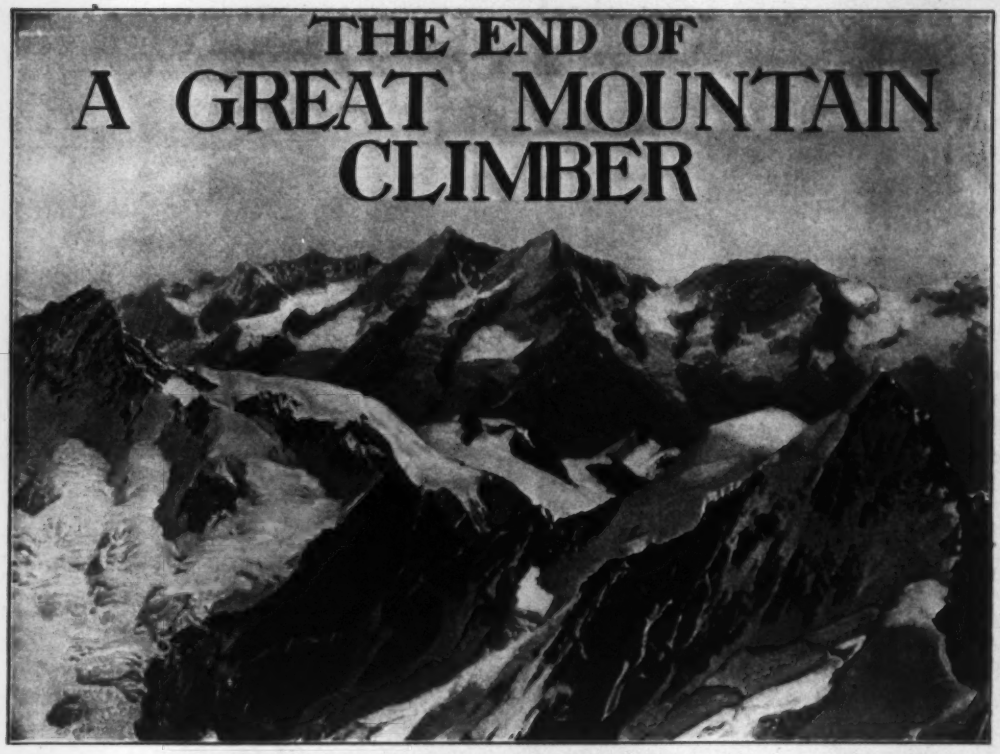
Tommy Haskins sat wide-eyed all evening listening to the talk about the Smiths, and the Wigginses, and the Dillingbecks, and about the church festivals at the chapel, where, town against country boys, a cake was voted to the prettiest girl. And the country girl was the winner. And of all things! Her name was —Molly Briggs! And then and there Tommy Haskins resolved that, when he went back with his Ma to visit at gran'pa's next fall, he would see at least two places. He would see Wesley Chapel, where his Ma had been voted "the prettiest girl"; then he would have her show him the identical spot where she had washed Billy's face in the snowbank.

When Billy had at last said good-by at the front gate, and had promised to come back the next Sunday week and stay all day, the moon was riding high in the sky, and the smooth road was almost as light as day. At the cross-road he turned to look back, and saw them slowly walking toward the house, Tommy Haskins and his Ma and his Pa, hand in hand.

As he faced about and drew the lines with a firmer grip, his thoughts fell into rhythm with the rhythm of his horse's clattering feet, and both seemed to say over and over:

"*Billy McGuire—is found—is found!*"

THE END OF A GREAT MOUNTAIN CLIMBER



BY HAROLD SPENDER

ON the evening of Wednesday, August 30, 1899, we were walking up the long valley which leads from Sion to Evolena, south of the famous Rhone Valley, in the Canton Valais of Switzerland.

The carriage had surmounted the last zig-zag, and there lay before us a straight road to Evolena. It was past eight o'clock, and we should scarcely arrive before nightfall. The carriage had halted to take us up, since swifter progress was now possible, when a descending *einspänner* came rapidly towards us. There sat in it three men, who shouted as they passed:

"*Four men killed on the Dent Blanche!*"

♣♣♣

It was nine o'clock before we reached our hotel. We naturally inquired the circumstances of the accident from the guests sitting under the veranda, among whom was a friend whom I had known both in politics and athletics for some years, Mr. W. M. Crook. All they knew was that some one had received from Dr. Seiler, at Zermatt, a short time before, a telegram stating that a tourist and three guides had fallen from the Dent Blanche, and that a caravan of guides was starting from Zermatt to look for the bodies. He had added the grim request that four coffins should be prepared, and he had announced his intention of coming himself to Evolena. This was all. No names were mentioned, no particulars were given.

On receiving Dr. Seiler's telegram, Mr. Crook and his friends had been very much puzzled. "A tourist and three guides!" "Four bodies!" "Four coffins!" They knew of only one party on the Dent Blanche, but that consisted of five persons, who had intended to rope in two parties of three and two. This party consisted of three guides and two Englishmen, both schoolmasters in the City of London School, who had been climbing together for the last fortnight at Arolla. One was Mr. F. W. Hill, a mathematical master; the other was the science master, Mr. Owen Glynne Jones. If an accident had occurred, it would have surely been either five or three who had fallen—not four. So they dismissed the thought. But the fear recurred. The bodies had fallen, it was clear, on the Evolena side. And no other party had left the Evolena valley for the Dent Blanche that week. Perhaps the fifth body had not been seen. So at last, just to lull their fears, Mr. Crook sent off a telegram to Dr. Seiler: "Have Messrs. Jones and Hill arrived?"

Little time was left us for reflection. As we were sitting in the veranda, a villager came up with a telegram. Mr. Crook tore it open,

and read aloud the following message from Dr. Seiler:

"Mr. Hill arrived safely this morning, but Jones and three guides fell an hour and a half from the top on Monday morning."

Then it was true. The fall of four had happened in the party of five. By some miracle Mr. Hill had lived for more than two days on the mountain, and at last "arrived safely" at Zermatt.

But all this was for the moment swallowed up in our sense of the death of Owen Glynne Jones.

Glynne Jones was short, thick-set, near-sighted. On a casual meeting you would never have taken him for an athlete, but merely for what he also was—an earnest schoolmaster, a keen scientist, and a man of active intelligence. But mention mountains, and the man was transfigured. He would talk of the mountains with the passion of a worshiper; he would discuss for hours the smallest details of rock-climbing, and illustrate the subject on the nearest available object. I have seen him do a "chimney" climb between two trees, his back against one and his feet against the other; I have seen him do a "face" climb straight up the roughly built wall of a Welsh barn, with no other support than the interstices between the stones; and one of his favorite occupations at his school was a "traverse" along the cornice of the big school-room, suspended by his finger-tips. For he had developed the most extraordinary strength in the most unusual muscles; the grip of his hands was like the grip of a climbing animal. This power, combined with a rare and cool daring, had set him, young as he was, at the head of English rock-climbers.

He subordinated everything else in life to the passion for the mountains, and the passion for climbing. His eagerness to climb a certain mountain in Wales had made him spend a week-end in achieving the victory. His passion for the Alps led him there in later years, both in summer and winter, and during the last year of his life his ambition stretched to the far-off Himalayas, which he had made every preparation to visit.

These passions had developed late, and Glynne Jones's marvelous performances were crowded into the last six years of a life which closed at the early age of thirty-two. He had entered upon his Alpine career by climbing the Dent Blanche in April—a season of the year when the high Alps had been hitherto considered impregnable. In the succeeding year he had climbed in every part of the Alps—the Oberland, the Pennines, the Eastern Alps of the Tyrol. The English Alps of Cumberland and Westmoreland he had also conquered. Nothing seemed too difficult for his hand and eye; nothing too perilous for his daring and endurance. On that spring ascent of the Dent Blanche he had been thirty-six hours on the mountain. He had spent nearly forty hours in attacking a peak in the Dolomites. The older men shook their heads, but the younger climbers regarded him as their leader and hero. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he had founded a new school of climbing.

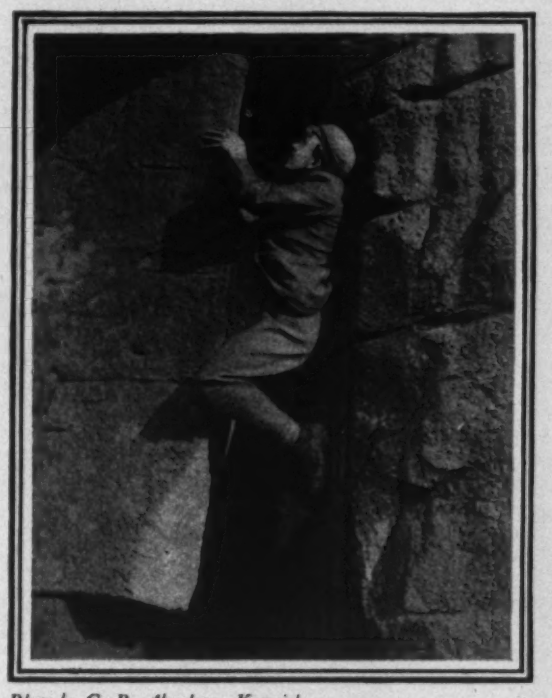


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

KERN KNOTTS, GREAT GABLE, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. JONES IN THE "CRACK" PROSPECTING

I have been often asked whether Jones had some secret of the trade, whereby he adjusted the human body to the task of perpendicular, as distinct from horizontal, movement. Well, man has four climbing weapons—two legs and two arms. Those are subdivided into ten toes, and ten fingers. The first ten scarcely count, though it is as well to give them as much freedom as possible. The Pyreneans, for instance, always take off their boots at critical places; and in all mountain countries rock-climbers

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

UPPER PART OF THE NEEDLE ARÊTE, GREAT GABLE. JONES LEADING

tend to use light shoes—rope-shoes, or rubber-shoes—rather than boots. But though the toe in its natural freedom may become very prehensile, the finger is far more so. Now the secret of Jones's rock-climbing was his ingenious use of these climbing instruments provided by nature. He was never rash or excitable; on the contrary, he was slow and level-headed. He would first bring to bear on a difficult rock all the ingenuity of a mathematician. When he passed from thought to action, his power lay in the perfect co-ordination of brain and muscle—the harmony of hand and eye—and, above all, in the complete and exquisite sympathy of movement between all parts of the climbing body. Mere energy and pluck—mere clearness of head, even—will not carry you very far. A thoughtless move—a false shifting of the wrong hand, or the false precedence of foot by hand or hand by foot—may prove fatal. To Glynne Jones the clue to a difficult rock would sometimes be found in a single notch, where the hand or foot could find leverage to lift the whole body to a safe resting-place, sometimes in the skilful location of the body so that it could be supported by the knee and the back, without rest for either hand or foot. That is how he often threaded the apparently impossible gullies of the Welsh and Lake mountains.

But though Glynne Jones preached caution and care, he would not admit any limit to human skill and endurance. He was himself a peculiarly "safe" climber, because, after all, he knew his own limits; but to the young and ardent men around him he was doubtless a dangerous guide. His death, as we shall see, was due to no fault of his own; but he preached and practised a sport which could not be otherwise than on jesting terms with death.

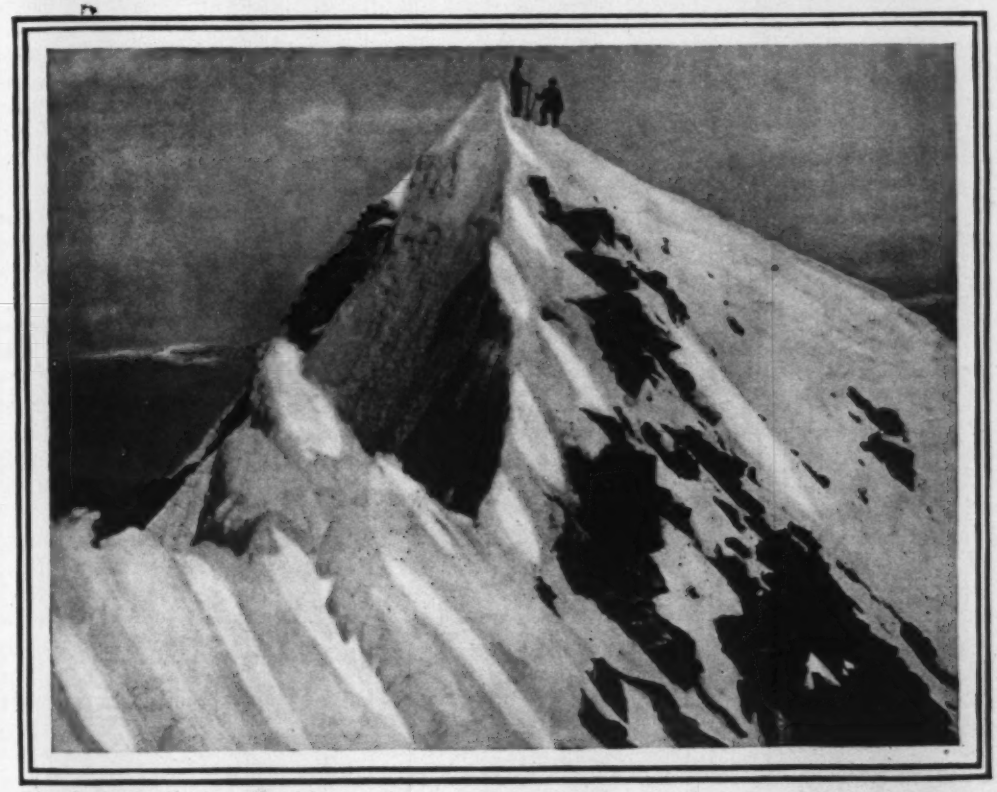


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

JONES AND COMPANION ON TOP OF THE DENT BLANCHE, AT A PREVIOUS ASCENT

◆◆◆

But now to come back to the tragedy recorded in Herr Seiler's telegram.

Mr. F. W. Hill, whose narrative in the "Alpine Journal" necessarily forms the best evidence as to the incidents, says that it was Glynne Jones who wanted to climb the Dent Blanche by its western arête—a notably difficult undertaking, and one that has probably only twice been achieved.

Glynne Jones had discussed the possibilities of the undertaking with his own guide, Elias

Furrer of Stalden, and they had come to the conclusion that the conditions were never likely to be more favorable than in this August of 1899. Glynne Jones, therefore, asked Mr. Hill to accompany them, and to bring along with him his own guide, Jean Vuignier of Evolena. Both guides knew their climbers very well; for Furrer had been with Glynne Jones on and off for five years, and Vuignier had climbed at Zermatt with Hill the year before. But Mr. Hill, who had promised to take his wife to Zermatt over the Col d'Herens, refused to go. Glynne Jones accordingly secured a second guide in Clemens Zurbriggen of Saas-Fee, a young member of a great climbing clan. Vuignier, however, was so disappointed at his employer's refusal, that Mr. Hill, finding that his wife made no objection, finally consented to join the party. Thus, with the addition of Mr. Hill and his guide, the expedition numbered five members. They left Arolla on Sunday morning, August 27th, with a porter carrying blankets. They intended to sleep on the rocks below the arête. Arriving at the Bricolla chalets, a few shepherds' huts high up the mountain, at four in the afternoon, they changed their minds, sent the blankets down to Arolla, and slept in the huts.

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

OWEN GLYNNE JONES

They started at three o'clock in the morning in two parties, the first consisting of Furrer, Zurbriggen, and Jones, roped in that order, and the second of Vuignier and Hill. They crossed the glacier and reached the ridge in good time. "It was soon very evident," says Mr. Hill in his narrative, "that the climbing was going to be difficult, as the rocks were steep slabs, broken and easy occasionally, but on the whole far too smooth." Rock-climbers do not particularly care how steep a rock may be so long as it is broken up into fissures which will give hold to the feet and hands. In the steepest mountains of the Dolomite region, for instance, the rocks are thus broken, and therefore mountains can be climbed easily which, from their bases, look absolutely inaccessible.

As they progressed up and along the ridge the climbing became more and more difficult. They had to go slowly and with extreme caution, and often they were in doubt as to the best way to proceed. Sometimes, indeed, there seemed no possible route. In these places Furrer, who seems to have been accepted as the leader of the party, would detach himself from the rope and go forward to find a passage.

On entering upon this part of the climb, the two parties had joined ropes and were now advancing as one, and roped in this order —Furrer, Zurbriggen, Glynne Jones, Vuignier, and Hill.

It is evident that between nine o'clock and ten climbing had become exceedingly arduous. "In two or three places," says Mr. Hill, "the only possible way was over an overhanging rock up which the leader had to be pushed and the others helped from above and below." This gives us a graphic picture of the nature of the climb. Nothing is more fatiguing than to climb over a rock which is in the least degree overhanging. Mr. Hill tells me that Furrer showed him his finger-tips at breakfast-time—9 A.M.—and that they were severely cut.

Yet no one must imagine for an instant that the party was in the least degree puzzled or vexed. There is nothing so exhilarating as the conflict with danger, and it generally happens in climbing a mountain that the party is merriest at the most difficult places. Mr. Hill, indeed, tells us that they were in the "highest spirits." "Climbing carefully," he says,

"but in the highest spirits, we made good progress, for at ten o'clock it was agreed we were within an hour of the summit." It

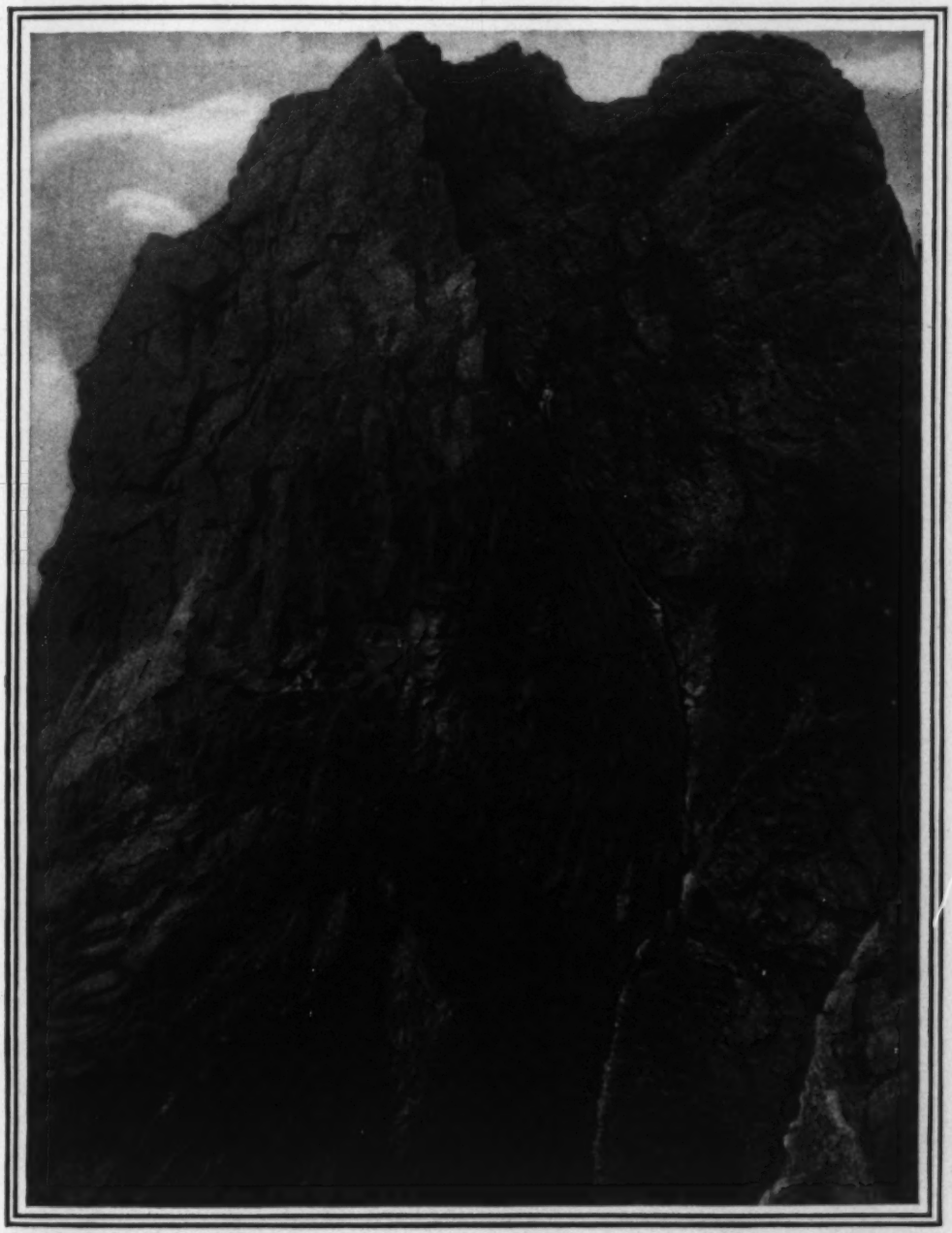


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

CYFWRY ARÊTE FROM THE TABLE. JONES LEADING

was at this point and time that the accident occurred.

They had been forced below the ridge by the difficulty of the rocks, and had come to a place where their obvious route lay up a narrow gully, or sloping chimney. On an ordinary day it is possible that they would have found no difficulty in going forward, but a few days before there had been rain, and probably snow, on these high rock summits. At any rate the rocks were "glazed"; covered, that is, with a film of ice, probably snow melted and refrozen, just sufficiently thick to adhere, and sufficiently slippery to make the fingers "slither" over the rocks. If the climber can-

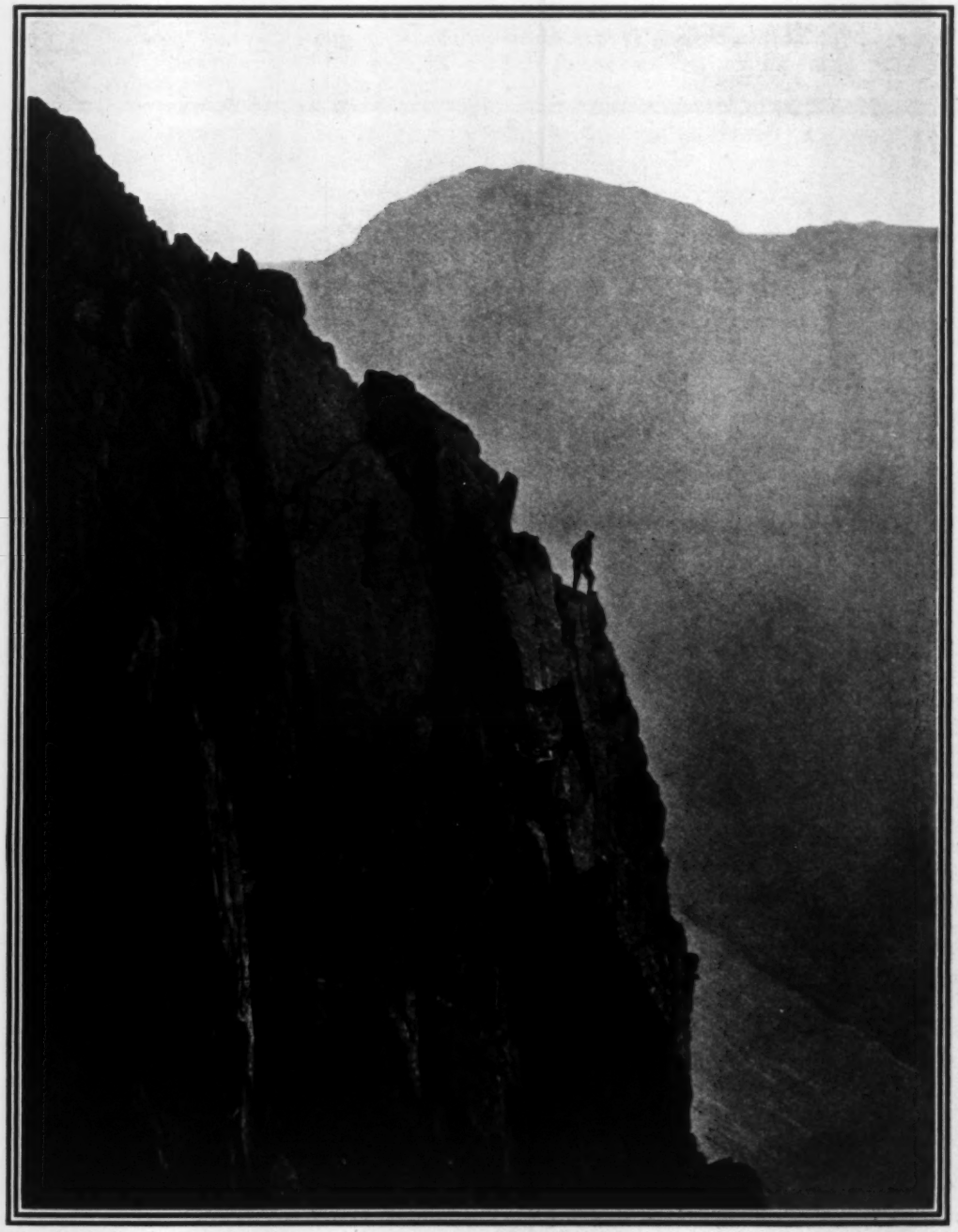


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

JONES AMONGST THE DERBYSHIRE ROCKS

not clear away the ice with his ice-axe, he must go round another way, and if the rocks are steep the first course becomes obviously impossible. That was the condition of affairs at ten o'clock on the morning of August 28, 1899.

In a party of five roped together, with thirty feet of rope between each member, the amount of space covered by the party will obviously be forty yards; and it frequently happens that those who are roped last cannot see the leaders. Mr. Hill, as we have seen, was roped last, and by the time he reached the level of the other climbers, Furrer had already turned away from the gully and was attempting to climb to the ridge by another route. To the left of the

gully in front of them was a vertical rock face stretching for about thirty feet. Beyond this was a smooth-looking buttress some ten feet high, by climbing which the party could regain the ridge. When Hill came up with the rest, Furrer was already attempting to climb this buttress.

But the buttress was quite smooth, and Furrer was at a loss to find a hold. Unable to support himself, he called to Zurbriggen to place an axe under his feet for him to stand on. In this way he might be able to reach with his hands to the top of the buttress. There was nothing unusual in this method of procedure.

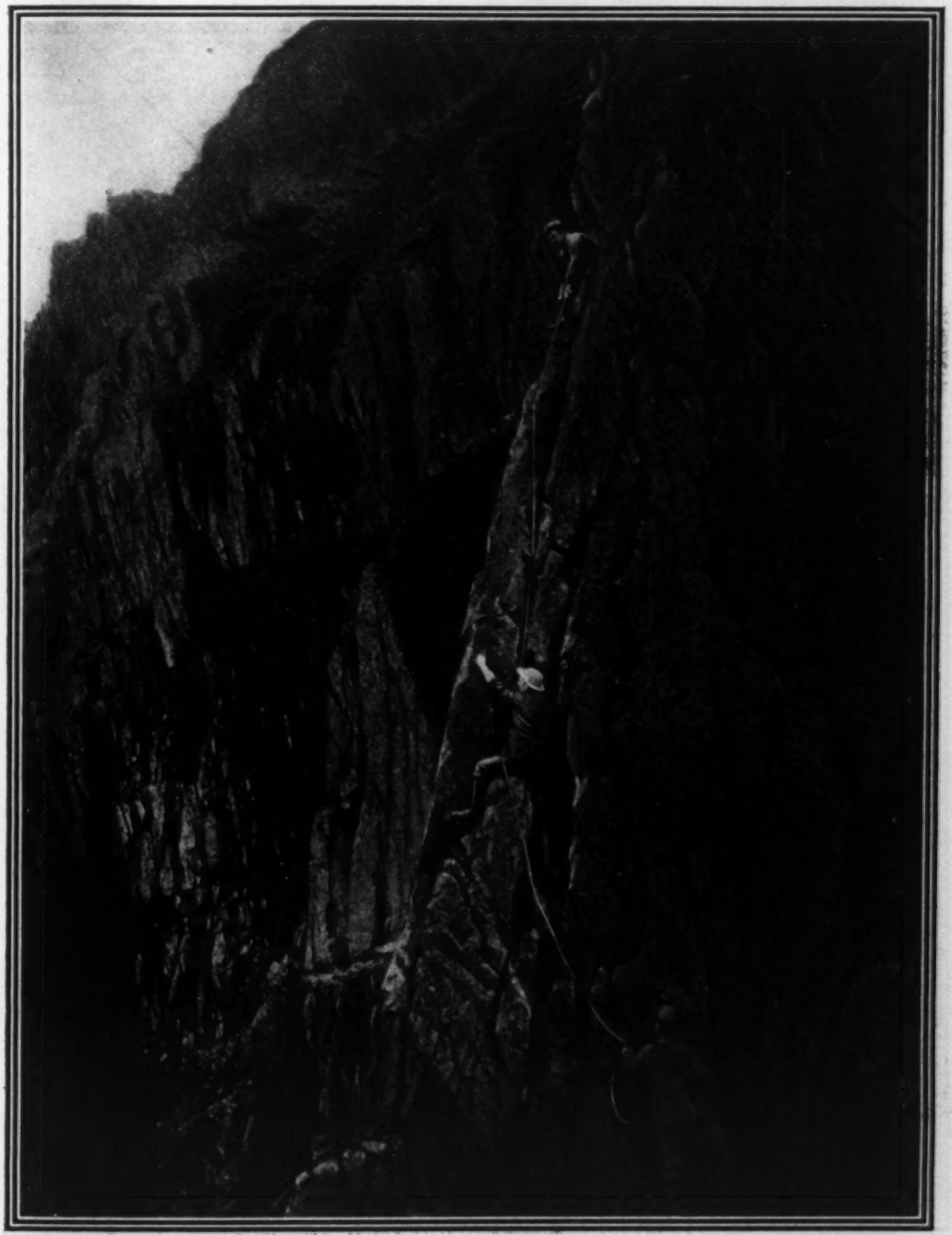


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

SCAWFELL PINNACLE (ASCENT FROM THE DEEP GHYLL). JONES LEADING. THIS WAS HIS FIRST ASCENT

In climbing difficult rocks, when the handholds are far up, it is frequently the custom to help the climber by placing an ice-axe under his feet. But in this case Furrer discovered that he could not climb the buttress with the help of Zurbriggen alone, and he would probably have done more wisely if he had abandoned the attempt. But, instead of that, he called Glynne Jones to help Zurbriggen in holding him up. "Apparently," says Mr. Hill, "he did not feel safe, for he turned his head and spoke to Glynne Jones, who then went to hold the axe steady."

From Mr. Hill's own explanations the situ-

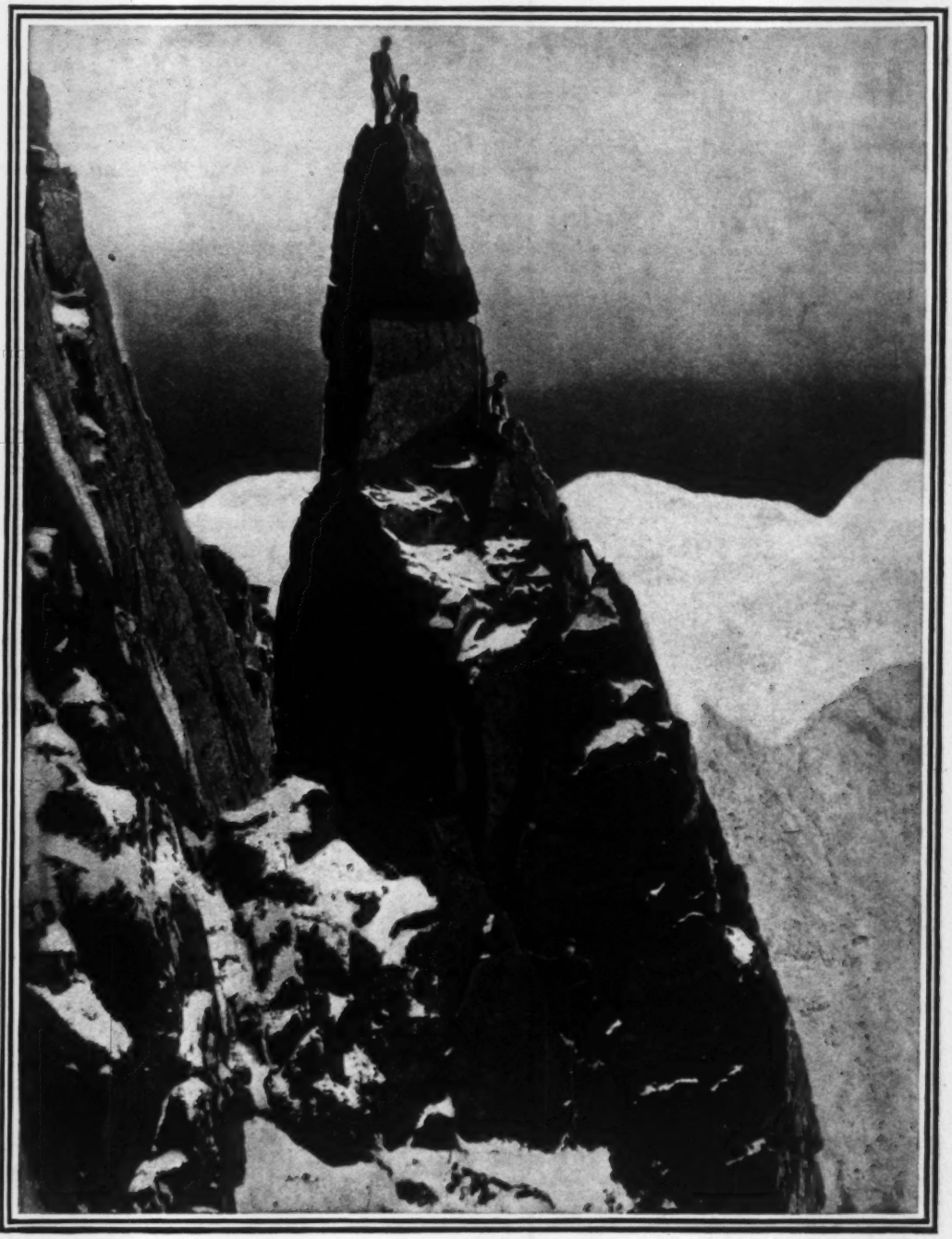


Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE (WINTER). JONES'S ASCENT AT CHRISTMAS, 1897

ation was as follows: The leading climber, Furrer, was grasping the rock face, standing on an ice-axe held vertically by Zurbriggen and Glynne Jones. These two were forced, in order to hold the ice-axe securely, to crouch down with their faces to the ground, and were, therefore, oblivious of what was going on above them. But the important point is that their four hands were occupied in holding the ice-axe, and that as they were standing on a narrow ledge, with a very sharp slope immediately below, these two men were in a helpless position. They were unready to stand a shock. Thus, at the critical moment, out of a party of five climbers, three had virtually cast everything on a single die!

Mr. Hill, standing level with the rest of the party, could see quite clearly what was happening. He was about sixty feet distant from them, the guide Vuignier being roped between them at an equal distance of some thirty feet from each. Furrer could now stand upright on the axe, which was firmly held by four strong hands, and could reach with his own fingers to the top of the buttress. It was a perilous moment. It is the rule with skilled climbers that you should never leave your foothold until you have secured your handhold. The natural issue would have been that Furrer, finding it impossible to secure on the smooth rock a steady grip with his hands, should have declined to trust himself. But the science of the study is one thing, and the art of the mountain another. There are moments when a man does not know whether he has secured a steady grip or an unsteady; and the question can only be answered by making the attempt. If the party blundered at all, it was in allowing the second and third men to be so completely occupied with holding the axe that there was no reserve of power to hold up Furrer in case of a slip. But it is easy to speak after the event.

What Hill now saw was this: He saw Furrer reach his hands to the top of the buttress, take a grip, and attempt to pull himself up. But his feet never left the ice-axe beneath, for in the process of gripping, his hands slipped. And then, as Hill looked, Furrer's body slowly fell back. It seemed, he has told himself, to take quite a long time falling. Furrer fell backwards, right on to the two oblivious men beneath him, causing them to collapse instantly, knocking them off their standing place, and carrying them with him in his fall from the ridge. "All three," says Mr. Hill in his narrative, "fell together." Instinctively he turned to the wall to get a better hold of the rock, and therefore did not see the next incident in the fatal sequence. Vuignier, as we have seen, was standing thirty feet from the first three, and the weight of three human bodies swinging at the end of the rope must have come directly on him. He was, apparently, taken by surprise, and immediately pulled off the rock. Hill heard that terrible sound—the scuffle and rattle of stones that meant the dragging of a helpless human being into space—and he knew, or thought he knew, that his own turn would come in a moment; but as he clung there to the rock, waiting for the inevitable end, there was a pause. Nothing happened.

After a few endless seconds of time he faced round and found himself alone. Looking down, he saw his four companions sliding down the precipitous slopes at a terrific rate, without a cry, but with arms outstretched, helplessly falling into the abyss. Between him and them, and from his waist, there hung thirty feet of rope swinging slowly to and fro. The faithful Vuignier had probably fastened the rope securely round some point of rock to protect his master. The full weight of the four bodies had probably expended itself on the rock-fastening of the rope, and thereby saved the life of the fifth climber. Dazed and astonished to find himself still in the land of the living, Mr. Hill stood for some time watching his comrades fall, until, sickened, he turned away to face his own situation.

It was not very promising. He was without food, drink, or warm clothing. No man alone could climb down by the ridge up which those five experts had climbed in the morning. And in front lay a difficulty which had already destroyed his friends when attempting to overcome it by mutual help. It seemed impossible.

Perhaps it was fortunate that Hill was not only a mathematician, but a man of characteristic mathematical temperament—cool, unemotional, long-headed. Most men in his situation would have gone mad. Some would have waited right there till starvation overcame them, or a rescue party arrived. But there was little or no chance of a rescue party, and Mr. Hill was certainly not the man to wait for starvation. It was a curious irony that probably at that very moment there was a party on the summit of the Dent Blanche. Mr. Hill's party had seen two climbers on the south arête at half-past eight o'clock, and again about an hour later. At this moment they were probably at the summit. But Mr. Hill had no means of communicating with them, and the hour's climb which lay between him and them might as well have been the length of Europe. An hour later he himself heard a faint "cooey"

(the party were probably on the way down)—a jovial, generous hail from men unconscious of any catastrophe.

Mr. Hill's immediate task was to regain the ridge and reach the summit. At the moment of the accident he was some sixty feet from the fatal buttress, and now wisely made no attempt to get near it. Instead, he moved to circumvent the glazed gully from its other side. After long and tedious efforts, lasting for a period of time which he cannot now even approximately estimate, he succeeded in his flanking movement, and finally with great labor and peril climbed back to the ridge by a slope of frozen snow and ice broken with rocks. It would be difficult to imagine anything more terrible than this lonely climb over ice-covered rocks, the painful cutting of steps up an almost precipitous wall, with a precipice many thousand feet deep at his back, down which the smallest slip would send him to certain death. But at last he regained the ridge, and the difficulties of ascent were now mainly overcome. In about another hour he found himself on the summit—a solitary, mournful victor. It was there he heard the shout from the other party. But he could not see them or make them hear, and so he made his way down with all reasonable speed, hoping to overtake them.

Hill had climbed the Dent Blanche in the previous year with a guided party, and therefore, to some extent, knew the route. Without much difficulty he was able to follow the ridge as far as possible down to the lowest *gendarme*, a pile of rock with a deep, narrow fissure. Then a sudden mist hid everything from view, and it was impossible to see the way off the *gendarme*. He tried several routes downward in the mist, but at last wisely resolved to wait till it lifted. While he was searching, a snow-storm and a cold wind came up. "They drove me," says Mr. Hill in his plain way, "to seek shelter in the lee of the rocks." There he tied himself with his rope, and, to avoid the danger of falling off in a moment of sleep, still further secured himself by an ice-axe wedged firmly in front of him. Poor protections to a man absolutely without food or wraps, clinging to the side of an abyss in the searching cold and stormy darkness of mist and snow, wedged under the eave of an overhanging rock, and only able to sit in a cramped posture. But Mr. Hill was no ordinary man. If the Fates were asking for his life he determined to sell it dearly, sustained in his resolve by the thought of that waiting wife, unconscious of ill, below in Zermatt.

It must have been, at this time, past mid-day on Monday, August 28th. I can myself remember that snow-storm as I saw it at this very time from the heights above the lake of Geneva, surging up gray and cruel from the west, devouring the spaces of blue, and wrapping the distant hills in darkness. Little did I think at that hour of the friend up there among the heights without food or covering, seemingly forgotten of man.

The storm lasted all that Monday and Monday night, and Tuesday morning. All through those dreadful hours of darkness Hill sat in the cleft of rock, sleeping most of the time, but always half frozen with the cold, and whenever he awoke obliged to beat himself to regain his natural warmth. Happily, he was well protected against the falling snow by the eave of the overhanging rock, but it covered his knees and boots, causing him intense cold in the feet.

At last, at mid-day on Tuesday, the mist cleared and the sun shone again in a sky of perfect blue. He could now resume his descent. To climb over snow-covered rocks in a roped party is difficult enough; but to do it alone is to risk your life many times over. But there was no alternative.

At last the rocks ended and the worst of the peril was over. He had reached the snow arête, where not even the heavy fall of snow had quite obliterated the tracks of those who had gone in front of him. These helped him to find his way. But the steps had mostly to be recut, and that must have been very fatiguing after his previous experiences. The next difficulty was the lower part of the Wandfluh, a bold wall of rock which leads down first to the Schonbuhl and then to the Zmutt glaciers, and which, at its base, ends in a steep precipice that can be descended only by one gully. Here Mr. Hill's memory failed him. He could not remember which was the right gully. This was, perhaps, the most terrible trial of all. If he could find that gully, his task was almost accomplished. The rest of the descent to Zermatt is little more than a walk. But hour after hour passed; he descended gully after gully, only to find himself blocked below by one precipice after another. In one of these attempts he dropped his ice-axe, without which he could never hope to return alive. Unless he could recover it he was a dead man. But no, it was not quite lost. There it lay, far below him, on the rocks. Slowly and painfully he descended the gully to fetch it. At last he reached it. In this quest he wasted a whole hour!

At last he discovered a series of chimneys to the extreme right of the Wandfluh and lead-

ing down to the glacier. Letting himself down these steep chimneys, he found himself at last, on Tuesday evening, on the high moraines of the Zmutt glacier. He must have reached the glacier about six o'clock, but he had only the sun to reckon by. Here the steep descent ends, and there is but a stony walk of two and a half hours down the glacier by a path which leads to the Staffel Alp Inn. The sun set while he was still on the moraine, and he has a vivid recollection of seeing the red "Alpengluh" on Monte Rosa. But as the darkness grew it became more and more difficult to keep to the path.

Here at last his marvelous strength began to fail him. He had no snow-glasses, and his eyes were suffering from the prolonged glare of the snow. A sort of waking trance fell on him. As he stumbled forward, over the stones of that horrible moraine, he imagined that his companions were still alive and with him. He kept calling to them to "come along." "It is getting late, you fellows," he shouted; "come along."

At last he was brought up by a great rock. In the darkness he had wandered below the path. The rock entirely barred his way. He had a vague illusion that it was a chalet, and wandered round it searching for a door. At last he settled down by it in a semi-conscious condition. Then he must have fallen asleep, probably about ten o'clock. The sleep lasted about twelve hours, and was better than meat and drink. To most men it would have ended in death.

When he woke up at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, in broad daylight, he soon saw that he had been sleeping quite near the path. A few minutes' scramble brought him back to it, and he soon came to a little wooden refreshment house about an hour below the Staffel Inn, which he had passed in the darkness. He went up to the woman at the hut and asked for some beer! He had only fifty centimes in his pocket; one of his dead companions had held the purse. He volunteered no complaint; but the woman was sympathetic, and soon found out whence he came. She then gave him a little milk and some dry bread—all she had. After a short rest he resumed his way to Zermatt, distant about half an hour, and reached the village at 11.30. As he was walking down the main street past the church he met his wife.

He told her simply what had happened. Then he had lunch. "I was now ravenous," he says, "and devoured a beefsteak, with the help of a glass of whiskey and soda, and a bottle of champagne." Within an hour or two he was entirely recovered.

♣♣♣

We received the news at nine o'clock, and by eleven we were threading our way in the pitch dark, lighted only by a few lanterns, up the valley towards the Dent Blanche. I need not dwell on that mournful search. We reached the Bricolla hut at half-past three o'clock in the morning, and then pursued our way through mist and rain up into that high region of glaciers and snow where our friends were resting. High up on the rocks above us we found their bodies, and brought them back to Handeres that evening. We were out on the mountains for twenty hours. On Saturday morning we buried Glynne Jones and his Evolena guide in the little country churchyard which lies above the village. It was an exquisite summer morning, and the sun shone down on us from a sky of unflecked blue. The storm had passed, and nature seemed to speak of nothing but life. Far away at the head of the valley the spire of the Dent Blanche shone white and pure against the sky.

There in the Evolena churchyard we lowered his coffin into a rude grave, and before we left set up over it a rough cross to hold the place until we should have what men deem a more worthy memorial. But perhaps that rough cross in such a place was the best emblem that could be put up over the grave of Glynne Jones.

CECIL RHODES

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

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When that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere fates ordain
This power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations not words he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
Across the lands he won—
The granite of the ancient north—
Great spaces washed with sun;
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the death he dared)
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined empires draw
To council neath his skies,
The immense and brooding spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

[*This poem was read at the burial of Mr. Rhodes in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902*]

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

CHAPTER I

A cat can do more than look at a king

IT was long ago in the days when men sighed when they fell in love; when people danced by candle and lamp, and did dance, too, instead of solemnly gliding about; in that mellow time so long ago, when the young were romantic and summer was roses and wine, old Carewe brought his lovely daughter home from the convent to wreck the hearts of the youth of Rouen.

That was not a far journey; only an afternoon's drive through the woods and by the river, in an April, long ago; Miss Betty's harp carefully strapped behind the great lumbering carriage, her guitar on the front seat, half-buried under a mound of bouquets and oddly-shaped little bundles, farewell gifts of her comrades and the good sisters. In her left hand she clutched a small lace handkerchief, with which she now and then touched her eyes, brimmed with the parting from Sister Cecilia, Sister Mary Bazilede, the old stone steps, and all the girls: but for every time that she lifted the dainty kerchief to brush away the edge of a tear, she took a deep breath of the Western woodland air and smiled at least twice; for the years of strict enclosure within St. Mary's walls and still gardens were finished and done with, and at last the many-colored world flashed and danced in a mystery before her. This mystery was brilliant to the convent girl because it contained men; she was eager to behold it.

They rumbled into town after sunset, in the fair twilight, the dogs barking before them, and every one would have been surprised to know that Tom Vanrevel, instead of Mr. Crailey Gray, was the first to see her. By the merest accident Tom was strolling near the Carewe place at the time; and when the carriage swung into the gates, with rattle and clink and clouds of dust at the finish, it was not too soon lost behind the shrubbery and trees for Tom to catch something more than a glimpse of a gray skirt behind a mound of flowers, and of a charming face with parted lips and dark eyes beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet. It happened—perhaps it is more accurate to say that Tom thought it happened—that she was just clearing away her veil when he turned to look. She blushed suddenly, so much was not to be mistaken; and the eyes that met his were remarkable for other reasons than the sheer loveliness of them, in that, even in the one flash of them he caught, they meant so many things at one time. They were sparkling, yet mournful, and they were wistful, although undeniably lively with the gayest comprehension of the recipient of their glance, seeming to say, "Oh, it's *you*, young man, is it!" And yet they were shy and mysterious with youth, full of that wonder at the world which has the appearance, sometimes, of wisdom gathered in the unknown out of which we came. But, above all, these eyes were fully conscious of Tom Vanrevel.

Without realizing what he did, Mr. Vanrevel stopped short. He had been swinging a walking-stick, which, describing a brief arc, remained poised, half-way in its descent. There was only that one glance between them, and the carriage disappeared, leaving a scent of spring flowers on the air.

The young man was left standing on the wooden pavement in the midst of a great loneliness, yet enveloped in the afterglow, his soul roseate, his being quavering, his expression, like his cane, instantaneously arrested. With such promptitude and finish was he disposed of, that, had Miss Carewe been aware of his name and the condition wrought in him by the single stroke, she could have sought only the terse Richard of England for a like executive ability, "Off with his head! So much for Vanrevel!"

She had lifted a slender hand to the fluttering veil, a hand in a white glove with a small lace gauntlet at the wrist. This gesture was

the final divinity of the radiant vision which remained with the dazed young man as he went down the street; and it may have been three-quarters of an hour later when the background of the picture became vivid to him: a carefully dressed gentleman with heavy brows and a handsome high nose, who sat stiffly upright beside the girl, his very bright eyes quite as conscious of the stricken pedestrian as were hers, vastly different, however, in this, that they glittered, nay, almost bristled, with hostility; while every polished button of his blue coat seemed to reflect their malignancy, and to dart little echoing shafts of venom at Mr. Vanrevel.

Tom was dismayed by the acuteness of his perception that a man who does not speak to you has no right to have a daughter like the lady in the carriage; and, the moment of this realization occurring as he sat making a poor pretence to eat his evening meal at the "Rouen House," he dropped his fork, rattling, upon his plate, and leaned back, staring at nothing, a proceeding of which his tablemate, Mr. William Cummings, the editor of the "Rouen Journal," was too busy over his river bass to take note.

"Have you heard what's new in town?" asked Cummings presently, looking up.

"No," said Tom truthfully, for he had seen what was new, but not heard it.

"Old Carewe's brought his daughter home. Fanchon Bareaud was with her at St. Mary's until last year; and Fanchon says she's not only a great beauty, but a great dear."

"Ah!" rejoined the other with masterly indifference. "Dare say—dare say."

"No wonder you're not interested," said Cummings cheerfully, returning to the discussion of his bass. "The old villain will take precious good care *you* don't come near her."

Mr. Vanrevel already possessed a profound conviction to the same effect. Robert Meilhac Carewe was known not only as the wealthiest citizen of Rouen, but also as its heartiest and most steadfast hater; and, although there were only five or six thousand inhabitants, neither was a small distinction. For Rouen was ranked, in those easy days, as a wealthy town, even as it was called an old town; proud of its age and its riches, and bitter in its politics, of course. The French had built a fort there soon after La Salle's last voyage, and, as Crailey Gray said, had settled the place, and had then been settled themselves by the pioneer militia. Afterward, Carolinians and Virginians had come, by way of Tennessee and Kentucky; while the adventurous countrymen from Connecticut, traveling thither to sell, remained to buy—and then sell—when the country was in its teens. In course of time the little trading-post of the Northwest Territory had grown to be the leading center of elegance and culture in the Ohio Valley—at least they said so in Rouen—only a few people in the country, such as Mr. Irving of Tarrytown, for instance, questioning whether a center *could* lead.

The pivotal figure, though perhaps not the heart of this center, was unquestionably Mr. Carewe, and about him the neat and tight aristocracy of the place revolved; the old French remnant, having liberally intermarried, forming the nucleus, together with descendants of the cavaliers (and those who claimed to be) and the industrious Yankees, by virtue (if not by the virtues) of all of whom the town grew and prospered. Robert Carewe was Rouen's magnate, commercially and socially, and, until an upstart young lawyer named Vanrevel struck into his power with a broad-ax, politically. The wharves were Carewe's; the warehouses that stood by the river and the line of packets which plied upon it were his; half the town was his, and in Rouen this meant that he was possessed of the Middle Justice, the High and the Low. His mother was a Frenchwoman, and, in those days, when to go abroad was a ponderous and venturesome undertaking, the fact that he had spent most of his youth in the French capital wrought a certain glamour about him; for to the American, Paris was Europe, and it lay shimmering on the far horizon of every imagination, a golden city. Scarce a drawing-room in Rouen lacked its fearsome engraving entitled "Grand Ball at the Tuileries," nor was "Godey's Magazine" ever more popular than when it contained articles elaborate of similar scenes of festal light, where brilliant uniforms mingled with shining jewels, fair locks, and the white shoulders of magnificently dressed duchesses, countesses, and ladies. (Credit for this description should be given entirely to the abovementioned periodical.) Furthermore, a sojourn in Paris was held to confer a "certain nameless and indescribable polish" upon the manners of the visitors; also, there was something called "an air of foreign travel."

They talked a great deal about polish in those days, and some examples still extant do not deny their justification; but in the case of Mr. Carewe, there existed a citizen of Rouen, one already quoted, who had the temerity to declare the polish to be in truth quite nameless and indescribable for the reason that one cannot paint a vacuum. However, subscription to this opinion should not be overhasty,

since Mr. Crailey Gray had been notoriously a rival of Carewe's with every pretty woman in town, both having the same eye in such matters, and also because the slandered gentleman could assume a manner when he chose to, whether or not he possessed it. At his own table he exhaled a hospitable graciousness which, from a man of known evil temper, carried the winsomeness of surprise. When he wooed, it was with an air of stately devotion, combined with that knowingness which sometimes offsets for a widower the tendency a girl has to giggle at him; and the combination had been, once or twice, too much for even the alluring Crailey.

Mr. Carewe lived in an old-fashioned house on the broad, quiet, shady street which bore his name. There was a wide lawn in front, shadowy under elm and locust trees, bounded by thick shrubberies. A long garden, fair with roses and hollyhocks, lay outside the library windows—an old-time garden, with fine gravel paths and green arbors; drowsed over in summer-time by the bees, while overhead the locust rasped his rusty cadences the livelong day, and a far-away sounding love-note from the high branches brought to mind the line, like an old refrain:

"The voice of the turtle was heard in the land."

Between the garden and the carriage gates there was a fountain where a bronze boy with the dropsy (but not minding it) lived in a perpetual bath from a green goblet held over his head. Near-by a stone sun-dial gleamed against a clump of lilac bushes, and it was upon this spot that the white kitten introduced Thomas Vanrevel to Miss Carewe.

Upon the morning after her arrival, having finished her pianoforte practice, touched her harp twice, and arpeggioed the Spanish fandango on her guitar, Miss Betty read two paragraphs of Gilbert (for she was profoundly determined to pursue her tasks with diligence), but the open windows disclosing a world all sunshine and green leaves, she threw the book aside with a good conscience and danced out to the garden. There, coming upon a fuzzy white ball rolling into itself spirally on a lazy pathway, she pounced at it, whereupon the thing uncurled with lightning swiftness, and fled, more like a streak than a kitten, down the drive, through the open gates, and into the street, Miss Betty in full cry.

Across the way there chanced to be strolling a young lady in blue, accompanied by a gentleman whose leisurely gait gave no indication of the manœuvering he had done to hasten their walk into its present direction. He was apparently thirty or thirty-one, tall, very straight, dark, smooth-shaven, his eyes keen, deep-set, and thoughtful, while his high white hat, white satin cravat, and careful collar were evidence of an elaboration of toilet somewhat unusual in Rouen for the morning; also, he was carrying a pair of white gloves in his hand and dangled a slender ebony cane from his wrist. The flying kitten headed toward the couple, when, with a celerity only to be accounted for on the theory that his eye had been fixed on the Carewe gateway for some time previous to this sudden apparition, the gentleman leaped in front of the fugitive.

The kitten attempted a dodge to pass; the gentleman was there before it. The kitten feinted; the gentleman was altogether too much on the spot. Immediately—and just as Miss Carewe, flushed and glowing, ran into the street—the small animal doubled, evaded Miss Betty's frantic clutch, reëntered the gateway, and attempted a disappearance into the lilac bushes, instead of going round them, only to find itself, for a fatal two seconds, in difficulties with the close-set thicket of stems.

In regard to the extraordinary agility of which the pursuing gentleman was capable, it is enough to say that he caught the cat. He emerged from the lilacs holding it in one hand, his gloves and white hat in the other, and presented himself before Miss Betty with a breathlessness not entirely attributable to his exertions.

For a moment, as she came running toward him and he met her flashing look, bright with laughter and recognition and haste, he stammered. A thrill nothing less than delirious sent the blood up behind his brown cheeks, for he saw that she, too, knew that this was the second time their eyes had met. Naturally, at that time he could not know how many other gentlemen were to feel that same thrill (in their cases, also, delirious, no less) with the same accompanying mysterious feeling (which came just before Miss Betty's lashes fell) that one had found, at last, a precious thing, lost long since in childhood, or left, perhaps, upon some other planet in a life ten thousand years ago.

He could not speak at once, but when he could, "Permit me, madam," he said solemnly, offering the captive, "to restore your kitten."

An agitated kitten should not be detained by clasping its waist, and already the conqueror was paying for his victory. There ensued a final, outrageous squirm of despair; two frantic claws, extended, drew one long red mark

across the stranger's wrist and another down the back of his hand to the knuckles. They were good, hearty scratches, and the blood followed the artist's lines rapidly; but of this the young man took no note, for he knew that he was about to hear Miss Carewe's voice for the first time.

"They say the best way to hold them," he observed, "is by the scruff of the neck."

Beholding his wounds, suffered in her cause, she gave a low, pitying cry that made his heart leap with the richness and sweetness of it. Catching the kitten from him, she dropped it to the ground in such wise as to prove nature's foresight most kind in cushioning the feet of cats.

"Ah! I didn't want it *that* much!"

"A cat in the hand is worth two nightingales in the bush," he said boldly, and laughed. "I would shed more blood than that!"

Miss Betty blushed like a Southern dawn, and started back from him. From the convent but yesterday—and she had taken a man's hand in both of hers!

It was to this tableau that the lady in blue entered, following the hunt through the gates, where she stopped with a discomposed countenance. At once, however, she advanced, and, with a cry of greeting, enveloped Miss Betty in a brief embrace, to the relief of the latter's confusion. It was Fanchon Bareaud, now two years emancipated from St. Mary's, and far gone in taffeta. With her lusterful light hair, absent blue eyes, and her gentle voice, as small and pretty as her face and figure, it was not too difficult to justify Crailey Gray's characterization of her as one of those winsome baggages who had made an air of feminine helplessness the fashion of the day.

It is a wicked thing that some women should kiss when a man is by; in the present instance the gentleman became somewhat faint.

"I'm so glad—glad!" exclaimed Betty. "You were just coming to see me, weren't you? My father is in the library. Let me——"

Miss Bareaud drew back. "No, no!" she interrupted hastily and with evident perturbation. "I—we must be on our way immediately." She threw a glance at the gentleman, which let him know that she now comprehended his gloves, and why their stroll had trended toward Carewe Street. "Come at once!" she commanded him quickly, in an undertone.

"But now that you're here," said Miss Betty, wondering very much why he was not presented to her, "won't you wait and let me gather a nosegay for you? Our pansies and violets——"

"I could help," the gentleman suggested, with the look of a lame dog at Miss Bareaud. "I have been considered useful about a garden."

"Fool!" Betty did not hear the word which came from Miss Bareaud's closed teeth, though she was mightily surprised at the visible agitation of her schoolmate, for the latter's face was pale and excited. And Miss Carewe's amazement was complete when Fanchon, without more words, cavalierly seized the gentleman's arm and moved toward the street with him as rapidly as his perceptible reluctance to leave permitted. But at the gate Miss Bareaud turned and called back over her shoulder, as if remembering the necessity of offering an excuse for so remarkable a proceeding: "I shall come again very soon. Just now we are upon an errand of great importance. Good-day!"

Miss Betty waved her hand, staring after them, her eyes large with wonder. She compressed her lips tightly: "Errand!" This was the friend of childhood's happy hour, and they had not met in two years! "Errand!" She ran to the hedge, along the top of which a high white hat was now seen perambulating; she pressed down a loose branch, and called in a tender voice to the stranger whom Fanchon had chosen should remain nameless:

"Be sure to put some salve on your hand!"

He made a bow which just missed being too low, but did miss it.

"It is there—already," he said; and, losing his courage after the bow, made his speech with so palpable a gasp before the last word that the dullest person in the world could have seen that he meant it.

Miss Betty disappeared.

There was a rigidity of expression about the gentle mouth of Fanchon Bareaud, which her companion did not enjoy as they went on their way, each preserving an uneasy silence until, at her own door, she turned sharply upon him. "Tom Vanrevel, I thought you were the steadiest—and now you've proved yourself the craziest—soul in Rouen!" she burst out. "And I couldn't say worse!"

"Why didn't you present me to her?" asked Vanrevel.

"Because I thought a man of your gallantry might prefer not to face a shotgun in the presence of ladies!"

"Pooh!"

"Pooh!" mimicked Miss Bareaud. "You can 'pooh' as much as you like, but if he had seen us from the window—" She covered her face with her hands for a moment, then

dropped them and smiled upon him. "I understand perfectly to what I owe the pleasure of a stroll with you this morning, and your casual insistence on the shadiness of Carewe Street!" He laughed nervously, but her smile vanished, and she continued, "Keep away, Tom. She *is* beautiful, and at St. Mary's I always thought she had spirit and wit, too. I only hope Crailey won't see her before the wedding. But it isn't safe for you. Go along, now, and ask Crailey please to come at three this afternoon."

This message from Mr. Gray's betrothed was not all the ill-starred Tom conveyed to his friend. Mr. Vanrevel was ordinarily esteemed a person of great reserve and discretion; nevertheless, there was one man to whom he told everything, and from whom he had no secrets. He spent the noon hours in feeble attempts to describe to Crailey Gray the outward appearance of Miss Elizabeth Carewe; how she ran like a young Diana; what one felt upon hearing her voice; and he presented in himself an example exhibiting something of the cost of looking in her eyes. His conversation was more or less incoherent, but the effect of it was complete.

CHAPTER II

Surviving evils of the Reign of Terror

DOES there exist an incredulous (or jealous) denizen of another portion of our country who, knowing that the room in the wooden cupola over Mr. Carewe's library was commonly alluded to by Rouen as the "Tower Chamber," will prove himself so sectionally prejudiced as to deny that the town was a veritable hotbed of literary interest, or that Sir Walter Scott was ill-appreciated there? Some of the men looked sly, and others grinned, at mention of this apartment; but the romantic were not lacking who spoke of it in whispers: how the lights sometimes shone there all night long, and the gentlemen drove away, white-faced, in the dawn. The cupola, rising above the library, overlooked the garden; and the house, save for that, was of a single story, with a low veranda running the length of its front. The windows of the library and of a row of bedrooms—one of which was Miss Betty's—lined the veranda, "steamboat fashion," the inner doors of these rooms all opening upon a long hall which bisected the house. The stairway leading to the room in the cupola rose in the library itself, while the bisecting hall afforded the only access to the library; hence, the gossips, well acquainted with the geography of the place, conferred seriously together upon what effect Miss Betty's home-coming would have in this connection: for any one going to the stairway must needs pass her door; and, what was more to the point, a party of gentlemen descending late from the mysterious turret might be not so quiet as they intended, and the young lady sufficiently disturbed to inquire of her father what entertainment he provided that should keep his guests until four in the morning.

But at present it was with the opposite end of the house that the town was occupied, for there workmen were hammering and sawing and painting, all day long, finishing the addition Mr. Carewe was building for his daughter's *début*. This hammering disturbed Miss Betty, who had become almost as busy with the French Revolution as with her mantua-maker. For she had found in her father's library many books not for convent shelves; and she had become a Girondin.

She found memoirs, histories, and tales of that delectable period, then not so dim with time but that the figures of it were more than tragic shadows; and for a week there was no meal in that house to which she sat down earlier than half an hour late. She had a rightful property interest in the Revolution, her own great-uncle having been one of those who "suffered"; not, however, under the guillotine, for to Georges Meilhac appertained the rare distinction of death by accident on the day when the business-like young Bonaparte played upon the mob with his cannon.

There were some yellow letters of this great-uncle's in a box which had belonged to her grandmother, a rich discovery for Miss Betty, who read and re-read them with eager and excited eyes, living more in Paris with Georges and his friends than in Rouen with her father. Indeed, she had little else to do. Mr. Carewe was no comrade for her, by far the reverse. She seldom saw him, except at the table, when he sat with averted eyes and talked to her very little; and, while making elaborate preparation for her introduction to his friends (such was his phrase), he treated her with a perfunctory civility which made her wonder if her advent was altogether welcome to him; but when she noticed that his hair looked darker than usual about every fourth day, she began to understand why he appeared ungrateful to her for growing up. He went out a great deal, though no visitors came to the house; for it was known that Mr. Carewe desired to present his daughter to no one until he presented her to all. Fanchon Bareaud, indeed, made one hurried and embarrassed call,

evading Miss Betty's reference to the chevalier of the kitten with a dexterity too nimble to be unintentional. Miss Carewe was forbidden to return her friend's visit until after her *début;* and Mr. Carewe explained that there were always some worthless young men hanging about the Bareauds', where (he did not add) they interfered with a worthy old one who desired to honor Fanchon's older sister, Virginia, with his attentions.

This was no great hardship for Miss Betty, as, since plunging into the Revolution with her great-uncle, she had lost some curiosity concerning the men of to-day, doubting that they would show forth as heroic, as debonnair, gay and tragic as he. He was the legendary hero of her childhood; she remembered her mother's stories of him, perhaps more clearly than she remembered her mother, and one of the older sisters had known him in Paris and had talked of him at length, giving the flavor of his dandyism and his beauty at first hand to his young relative. He had been one of those hardy young men wearing unbelievable garments, who began to appear in the garden of the Tuileries, with knives in their sleeves and cudgels in their hands, about April, 1794, and whose dash and recklessness in many matters were the first intimations that the Citizen Tallien was about to cause the Citizen Robespierre to shoot himself through the jaw.

In the library hung a small, full-length drawing of Georges, done in color by Miss Betty's grandmother, and this she carried to her own room and studied long and ardently, until sometimes the man himself seemed to stand before her, in spite of the fact that Mlle. Meilhac had not a distinguished talent and M. Meilhac's features might have been anybody's. It was to be seen, however, that he was smiling. Miss Betty had an impression that her grandmother's art of portraiture would have been more successful with the profile than the "full-face."

Nevertheless, nothing could be more clearly indicated than that the hair of M. Meilhac was very yellow, and his short, huge-lapeled waistcoat white, striped with scarlet. An enormous cravat covered his chin, the heavy collar of his yellow coat rose behind his ears, while its tails fell to his ankles; and the tight trousers of white and yellow stripes were tied with white ribbons at the middle of the calf; he wore white stockings and gold-buckled yellow shoes, and on the back of his head a jauntily cocked black hat. Miss Betty innocently wondered why his letters did not speak of Pétion, of Vergniaud, or of Dumouriez, since in the historical novels which she read, the hero's lot was inevitably linked with that of every one of importance in his generation; yet Georges appeared to have been unacquainted with these personages, Robespierre's being the only name of consequence mentioned in his letters; and then it appeared in much the same fashion practised by her father in alluding to the governor of the State, who had the misfortune to be unpopular with Mr. Carewe. But this did not dim her great-uncle's luster in Miss Betty's eyes, nor lessen for her the pathetic romance of the smile he wore.

Beholding this smile, one remembered the end to which his light footsteps had led him; and it was unavoidable to picture him left lying in the empty street behind the heels of the flying crowd, carefully forming that same smile on his lips, and taking much pride in passing with some small, cynical speech, murmured to himself, concerning the inutility of a gentleman's getting shot by his friends for merely being present to applaud them. And so, fancying him thus, with his yellow hair, his scarlet-striped waistcoat, and his tragedy, the young girl felt a share of family greatness, or, at least, of picturesqueness, descend to her. And she smiled sadly back upon the smile in the picture, and dreamed about its original night after night.

Whether or no another figure, that of a dark young man in a white hat, with a white kitten etching his wrist in red, found any place in her dreams at this period, it is impossible to determine. She did not see him again. It is quite another thing, hazardous to venture, to state that he did not see her. At all events, it is certain that many people who had never beheld her were talking of her; that Rouen was full of contention concerning her beauty and her gift of music, for a song can be heard through an open window. And how did it happen that Crailey Gray knew that it was Miss Carewe's habit to stroll in her garden for half an hour or so, each evening before retiring, and that she went to mass every morning soon after sunrise? Crailey Gray never rose at, or near, sunrise in his life, though he sometimes beheld it—from another point of view—as the end of the evening. It appears that some one must have told him.

One night when the moon lay white on the trees and housetops, Miss Betty paused in her evening promenade and seated herself upon a bench on the borders of the garden, "touched," as the books of the time would have put it, "by the sweet tranquillity of the

scene," and wrought upon by the tender incentive to sighs and melancholy which youth in loneliness finds in a loveliness of the earth. The breeze bore the smells of the old-fashioned garden, of violets and cherry-blossoms, and a sound of distant violins came on the air playing the new song from the new opera:

"But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same,"

they sang, and with the lilt of them and the keen beauty of the night, the inherited pain of the ages rose from the depths of the young girl's heart, so that she thought it must break; for what reason she could not have told, since she was without care or sorrow that she knew (except the French Revolution), yet tears shone upon the long lashes. She shook them off and looked up with a sudden odd consciousness. The next second she sprang to her feet with a gasp and a choked outcry, her hands pressed to her breast.'

Ten paces in front of her, a gap in the shrubbery where tall trees rose left a small radiant area of illumination like that of a limelight in a theater, its brilliancy intensified by the dark foliage behind. It was open to view only from the bench by which she stood, and appeared, indeed, like the stage of a little theater—a stage occupied by a bizarre figure. For, in the center of this shining patch, with the light strong on his face, was standing a fair-haired young man, dressed in a yellow coat, a scarlet and white striped waistcoat, wearing a jauntily cocked black hat on his head. And even to the last detail—the ribbon laces above the ankle and the gold-buckled shoes—he was the sketch of Georges Meilhac sprung into life.

About this slender figure there hung a wan sweetness like a fine mist, almost an ethereality in that light, yet in the pale face lurked something reckless, something of the actor, too; and though his smile was gentle and wistful, there was a twinkle behind it, not seen at first, something amused and impish; a small surprise underneath, like a flea in a rose-jar.

Fixed to the spot by this apparition, Miss Betty stood wildly staring, her straining eyelids showing the white above and below the large brown iris. Her breath came faster and deeper, until, between her parted lips it became vocal in a quick sound like a sob. At that he spoke.

"Forgive me!" The voice was low, vibrant, and so exceedingly musical that he might have been accused of coolly selecting his best tone; and it became only sweeter when, even more softly, in a semi-whisper of almost crucial pleading, he said, "Ah—don't go away!"

In truth, she could not go; she had been too vitally stirred. She began to tremble excessively, and sank back upon the bench, motioning him away with vague gestures of her shaking hands.

This was more than the Incroyable had counted upon, and far from his desires. He started forward with an exclamation.

"Don't come near me!" she gasped. "Who are you? Go away!"

"Give me one second to explain," he began; but with the instant reassurance of this beginning she cut him off short, her fears dispelled by his commonplace. Nay, indignation displaced them so quickly that she fairly flashed up before him to her full height.

"You did not come in by the gate!" she cried. "What do you mean by coming here in that dress? What right have you in my garden?"

"Just one word," he begged quickly, but very gently. "You'd allow a street beggar that much!"

She stood before him, panting, and, as he thought, glorious, in her flush of youth and anger. Tom Vanrevel had painted her incoherently, but richly in spite of that, his whole heart being in the portrait; and Crailey Gray had smiled at what he deemed the exaggeration of an ordinarily unimpressionable man who had fallen in love "at first sight"; yet, in the presence of the reality, the Incroyable decided that Tom's colors had been gray and humble. It was not that she was merely lovely; that her nose was straight, and her chin dexterously wrought between square and oval; that her dark hair lay soft as a shadow on her white brow; not that the trembling hand she held against her breast sprang from a taper wrist and tapered again to the tips of the long fingers; nor that she was of that slenderness as strong as it is delicate: not all the exquisite regularity of line and mold, nor simplicity of color, gave her that significance which made the Incroyable declare to himself that he stood for the first time in the presence of Beauty, and that now he knew the women he had been wont to call beautiful were but pretty. And yet her beauty, he told himself, was the least of her loveliness, for there was a glamour about her. It was not only the richness of her youth; but there was an ineffable exhalation which seemed to be made partly of light, partly of the very spirit of her, and, oddly enough, partly of the scent of the little fan that hung by a ribbon from

her waist. This was a woman like a rare wine, he thought; there was a bouquet.

In regard to the bouquet of the young man himself, if he possessed one, it is pertinent to relate that at this very instant the thought skipped across his mind (like the hop of a flea in a rose-jar) that some day he might find the moment when he could tell her the truth about herself—with a half laugh—and say: "The angels sent their haloes in a sandal-wood box to be made into a woman—and it was you!"

"If you have anything to say for yourself, say it quickly," said Miss Betty.

"You were singing a little while ago," he answered, somewhat huskily, "and I stopped in the street to listen; then I came here to be nearer. The spell of your voice—" He broke off abruptly to change the word. "The spell of the song came over me—it is my dearest favorite—so that I stood afterward in a sort of trance, only hearing again, in fancy, 'The stolen heart, like the gathered rose, will bloom but for a day.' I did not see you until you came to the bench. You must believe me: I would not have frightened you for anything in the world."

"Why are you wearing that dress?"

He laughed and pointed to where, behind him on the ground, lay a long gray cloak upon which had been tossed a white mask. "I'm on my way to the masquerade," he answered, with an airy gesture in the direction of the violins. "I'm an Incroyable, you see; and I had the costume made from my recollection of a sketch of your great-uncle. I saw it a long time ago in your library."

Miss Carewe's accustomed poise was quite recovered; nay, she was astonished to discover a distinct trace of disappointment that the brilliant apparition must offer so tame an explanation. What he said was palpably the truth; there was a masquerade that night, she knew, at the Madrillons', a little way up Carewe Street, and her father had gone, an hour earlier, a blue domino over his arm.

The Incroyable was a person of almost magical perceptiveness; he felt the let-down immediately and feared a failure. This would not do. The attitude of tension between them must be renewed at once. "You'll forgive me," he began in a quickly impassioned tone. "It was only after you sang, a dream possessed me, and——"

"I cannot stay to talk with you," Miss Betty interrupted, and added, with a straightforwardness which made him afraid she would prove lamentably direct: "I do not know you." Perhaps she remembered that already one young man had been introduced to her by no better sponsor than a white cat, and had no desire to carry her unconventionality farther than that. In the present instance there was not even a kitten.

She turned toward the house, whereupon he gave a little pathetic exclamation of pleading in a voice that was masterly, being as sincere as it was musical, and he took a few leaning steps toward her, both hands outstretched.

"One moment more!" he cried, as she turned again to him. "It may be the one chance of my life to speak with you; don't deny me this. All the rest will meet you when the happy evening comes, will dance with you, talk with you, see you when they like, listen to you sing. I, alone, must hover about the gates, or steal like a thief into your garden to hear you from a distance. Listen to me—just this once—for a moment."

"I cannot listen," she said firmly; and stood quite still. She was now in deep shadow.

"I will not believe you merciless! You would not condemn the meanest criminal unheard!" Remembering that she was so lately from the convent, he ventured this speech in a deep, thrilling voice, only to receive a distinct shock for his pains, for she greeted it with an irrepressible, most unexpected peal of contralto laughter; and his lips parted slightly with the surprise of it.

They parted much farther in the next instant—in good truth, it may be stated of the gentleman that he was left with his mouth open—for, suddenly, leaning toward him out of the shadow into the light, her face shining as a cast of tragedy, she cried in a hoarse whisper:

"*Are you a murderer?*"

And with that and a whisk of her skirts and a footfall on the gravel path, she was gone. He stood dumbfounded; poor comedian, having come to play the chief *rôle*, but to find the scene taken out of his hands. Then catching the flutter of her wrap, as she disappeared into the darkness of the veranda, he cried in a loud, manly voice:

"You are a *dear!*"

As he came out into the street through a gap in the hedge he paused, drawing his cloak about him, and lifted his face to the eastern moon. It was a strange face: the modeling most like what is called "Greek," save for the nose, which was a trifle too short for that, and the features showed a happy purity of outline almost childlike; the blue eyes, clear, fleckless, serenely irresponsible, with more the look of refusing responsibility than being unconscious of it—eyes without care, without

prudence, and without evil. A stranger might have said he was about twenty-five and had never a thought in his life. There were some blossoms on the hedge, and he touched one lightly, as though he chucked it under the chin; he smiled upon it then, but not as he had smiled upon Miss Betty, for this was his own, the smile that came when he was alone; and, when it came, the face was no longer joyous as it had been in repose; there was an infinite patience and worn tolerance—possibly for himself. This incongruous and melancholy smile was astonishing: one looked for the laughter of a boy and found, instead, a gentle, worldly old prelate.

Standing there, all alone, in the moonlight, by the hedge, he lifted both hands high and waved them toward the house as children wave to each other across lawns at twilight. After that he made a fantastic bow to his corrugated shadow on the board sidewalk.

"*Again*, you rogue!" he exclaimed aloud. Then, as he faced about and began to walk in the direction of the beckoning violins: "I wonder if Tom's kitten was better, after all!"

CHAPTER III

The rogue's gallery of a father should be exhibited to a daughter with particular care

THOSE angels appointed to be guardians of the merry people of Rouen, poising, one night, between earth and stars, discovered a single brilliant and resonant spot, set in the midst of the dark, quiet town like a jeweled music-box on a black cloth. Sounds of revelry and the dance from the luminous spot came up through the summer stillness to the weary guardians all night long, until, at last, when a red glow stole into the east, and the dance still continued; nay, grew faster than ever, the celestial watchers found the work too heavy for their strength, and forthwith departed, leaving the dancers to their own devices; for, as every one knows, when a dance lasts till daylight, guardian angels flee.

All night long the fiddles had been swinging away at their best; all night long the candles had shone in thin rows of bright orange through the slits of the window blinds; but now, as the day broke over the maples, the shutters were flung open by laughing young men, and the drivers of the carriages, waiting in the dusty street, pressed up closer to the hedge, or came within and stretched themselves upon the lawn, to see the people waltzing in the daylight. The horses, having no such desires, stood with loosened check-reins, slightly twitching their upper lips, wistful of the tall grass which bordered the wooden sidewalk; though now and then one would lift his head high, sniffing the morning air and bending an earnest gaze not upon the dancers, but upon the florid east.

Over the unwearied plaint of French horn, violin, and bassoon, rose a silvery confusion of voices and laughter and the sound of a hundred footfalls in unison; while, from the open windows there issued a warm breath, heavily laden with the smell of scented fans, of rich fabrics, of dying roses, to mingle with the spicy perfume of a wild crab-tree in fullest blossom, which stood near enough to peer into the ballroom, and, like a brocaded belle herself, challenge the richest to show raiment as fine, the loveliest to look as fair and joyful in the dawn.

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to fade by to-morrow and fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away——"

So ran the violins in waltz-time, so bassoon and horn to those dulcet measures; and then, with one accord, a hundred voices joined them in the old, sweet melody:

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

And the jealous crab-tree found but one to overmatch itself in beauty, a lady who was the focus of the singing; for, by the time the shutters were flung open, there was not a young man in the room, lacked he never so greatly in music or in voice, who did not heartily desire to sing to Miss Betty Carewe, and who did not now (craning neck over partner's shoulder) seek to fix her with his glittering eye, while he sang, "Oh, believe me" most directly and conspicuously at her. For that night was the beginning of Miss Betty's famous career as the belle of Rouen, and was the date from which strangers were to hear of her as "the beautiful Miss Carewe," until "beautiful" was left off, visitors to the town being supposed to have heard at least that much before they came.

There had been much discussion of her, though only one or two had caught glimpses of her; but most of the gallants appeared to agree with Crailey Gray, who aired his opinion (in an exceedingly casual way) at the little club on Main Street: Mr. Gray held that when the daughter of a man as rich as Bob Carewe was heralded as a beauty the chances

were that she would prove disappointing, and, for his part, he was not even interested enough to attend and investigate. So he was going down the river in a canoe and preferred the shyness of bass to that of a girl of eighteen just from the convent, he said. Tom Vanrevel was not present on the occasion of these remarks, and the general concurrence with Crailey may be suspected as a purely verbal one, since, when the evening came, two of the most enthusiastic dancers and love-makers of the town, the handsome Tappingham Marsh, and that doughty ex-dragoon and Indian-fighter, stout old General Trumble, were upon the field before the enemy appeared; that is to say, they were in the new ballroom before their host; indeed, the musicians had not arrived, and Nelson, an aged negro servitor, was engaged in lighting the house.

The crafty pair had planned this early descent with a view to monopoly by right of priority, in case the game proved worth the candle. They were leaning against the little railing about the musicians' platform when Mr. Carewe entered the room with his daughter on his arm.

She was in white, touched with countless small lavender flowers; there were rows and rows of wonderful silk and lace flounces on her skirt, and her fan hung from a rope of great pearls. Ah, hideous, blue, rough cloth of the convent, unforgotten, but laid aside forever, what a chrysalis you were!

Tappingham twitched his companion's sleeve, but the General was already posing; and neither heard the words of presentation, because Miss Betty gave each of them a quick look, then smiled upon them as they bowed; and the slayers were prostrated before their prey. Never were lady-killers more instantaneously tamed and subjugated by the power of the feminine eye. Will Cummings came in soon, and, after Will, Eugene Madrillon and young Frank Chenoweth. No others appeared for half an hour, and the five gentlemen looked at one another sneakingly, each divining his own diplomacy in his fellow's eye, and each laboriously explaining to the others his own mistake in regard to the hour designated upon Mr. Carewe's cards of invitation. This small embarrassment, however, did not prevent General Trumble and young Mr. Chenoweth from coming to high words over Miss Carewe's little gilt-filigree "programme" of dances.

It may not be untimely to remark, also, of these five redoubtable beaux, that, during the evening, it occurred to every one of them to be glad that Crailey Gray was betrothed to Fanchon Bareaud, and that he was down on the Rouen River with a canoe, a rod, and a tent. Nay, without more words, to declare the truth in regard to Crailey, they felt greater security in his absence from the field than in his betrothal. As Mr. Chenoweth, a youth as open as out-of-doors both in countenance and mind, observed plaintively to Tappingham Marsh in a corner, while they watched Miss Betty miraculously perform a *chassé* in the quadrille: "Crailey, you know, well, Crailey's been engaged before!" It was not Mr. Chenoweth's habit to disguise his apprehensions, and Crailey Gray would not fish for bass forever.

The same Chenoweth was he, who, maddened by the General's triumphantly familiar way of toying with Miss Betty's fan between two dances, attempted to propose to her during the sunrise waltz. Having sung "Oh, believe me" in her ear as loudly as he could, he expressed the wish—quite as loudly—"That this waltz might last for always!"

That was the seventh time it had been said to Betty during the night, and though Mr. Chenoweth's predecessors had revealed their desires in a guise lacking this prodigious artlessness, she already possessed no novel acquaintance with the exclamation. But she made no comment; her partner's style was not a stimulant to repartee. "It would be heaven," he amplified earnestly; "it would be heaven to dance with you forever—on a desert isle where the others couldn't come!" he finished with sudden acerbity as his eye caught the General's.

He proceeded, and only the cessation of the music aided Miss Carewe in stopping the declaration before it was altogether out; and at that point Frank's own father came to her rescue, though in a fashion little saving of her confusion. The elder Chenoweth was one of the gallant and kindly Southern colony that made it natural for Rouen always to speak of Miss Carewe as "Miss Betty." He was a handsome old fellow, whose hair, long mustache, and imperial were as white as he was proud of them, a Virginian with the admirable Southern fearlessness of being thought sentimental. Mounting a chair with complete dignity, he lifted a glass of wine high in the air, and, when all the other glasses had been filled, proposed the health of his young hostess. He made a speech of some length, pronouncing himself quite as hopelessly in love with his old friend's daughter as all could see his own son was, and wishing her long life and prosperity, with many allusions to fragrant bowers and the Muses.

It made Miss Betty happy, but it was rather trying, too, for she could only stand with downcast eyes before them all, trembling a little, and receiving a mixed impression of Mr. Chenoweth's remarks, catching fragments here and there: "And may the blush upon that gentle cheek, lovelier than the radiant clouds at set of sun," and "Yet the sands of the hour-glass must fall, and in the calm and beauteous old age some day to be her lot, when fond Mem'ry leads her back to view again the brilliant scene about her now, where stand 'fair women and brave men,' wine-cup in hand to do her honor, oh, may she wipe the silent tear," and the like. As the old gentleman finished, and before the toast was drunk, Fanchon Bareaud, kissing her hand to Betty, took up the song again; and they all joined in, lifting their glasses to the blushing and happy girl clinging to her father's arm:

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

They were happy people who had not learned to be self-conscious enough to fear doing a pretty thing openly without mocking themselves for it; and it was a brave circle they made about Betty Carewe, the charming faces of the women and their fine furbelows, handsome men and tall, all so gay, so cheerily smiling, and yet so earnest in their welcome to her. No one was afraid to "let out" his voice; their song went full and strong over the waking town, and when it was finished the ball was over, too.

The veranda and the path to the gate became like tropic gardens, the fair colors of the women's dresses, ballooning in the early breeze, making the place seem strewn with giant blossoms. They all went away at the same time, those in carriages calling farewells to each other and to the little procession departing on foot in various directions to homes near-by. The sound of the voices and laughter drew away, slowly died out altogether, and the silence of the street was strange and unfamiliar to Betty. She went to the hedge and watched the musicians, who were the last to go, until they passed from sight, little black toilsome figures carrying grotesque black boxes. While she could still see them, it seemed to her that her ball was not quite over, and she wished to hold the least speck of it as long as she could; but when they had disappeared, she faced the truth with a deep sigh: the long glorious night was finished indeed.

What she needed now was another girl. The two would have gone to Betty's room and danced it all over again until noon, but she had only her father. She found him smoking a Principe cigar upon the veranda, so she seated herself timidly, nevertheless with a hopeful glance at him, on the steps at his feet; and, as she did so, he looked down upon her with something more akin to geniality than anything she had ever seen in his eye before. It was not geniality itself, but might be third cousin to it. Indeed, in his way, he was almost proud of her (though he did not wish to show it). Since one was compelled to display the fact that one possessed a grown daughter, it was well that she be like this one.

They did not know each other very well, and she often doubted that they would ever become intimate. There was no sense of companionship for either in the other; she had been unable to break through his perfunctory, almost formal manner with her; therefore, because he encouraged no affection in her, she felt none, and wondered why, since he was her father. She was more curious about him than interested; and, though she did not know it, she was prepared to judge him—should occasion arise—precisely as she would judge any other mere acquaintance. This morning, for the first time, she was conscious of a sense of warmth and gratitude toward him. The elaborate fashion in which he had introduced her to his friends made it appear possible that he liked her; for he had forgotten nothing, and to remember everything in this case was to be lavish, which has often the appearance of generosity.

And yet there had been a lack, some small thing she had missed, though she was not yet entirely sure that she identified it; but the lack had not been in her father or in anything he had done. Then, too, there was something so unexpectedly human and pleasant in his not going to bed at once, but remaining for a smoke on the veranda at that hour, that she gave him credit for a little of her own excitement, innocently fancying that he, also, might feel the need of a companion with whom to talk over the brilliant passages of the night. And a moment ensued when she debated taking his hand. She was too soon glad that her intuition forbade the demonstration.

"It was all so beautiful, papa," she said timidly. "I have no way to tell you how I thank you."

"You may do that," he replied evenly, with no unkindness, with no kindness, either, in the level of his tone, "by never dancing again more than twice with one man in one evening."

"I think I should much prefer not, myself," she returned, lifting her head to face him gravely. "I believe if I cared to dance more than once with one, I should like to dance all of them with him."

Mr. Carewe frowned. "I trust that you discovered none last night whom you wish to honor with your entire programme?"

"No," she laughed, "not last night."

Her father tossed away his cigar abruptly. "Is it too much to hope," he inquired, "that when you discover a gentleman with whom you desire to waltz all night, you will omit to mention the fact to him?"

There was a brief flash of her eye as she recalled her impulse to take his hand, but she immediately looked at him with such complete seriousness that he feared his irony had been thrown away.

"I'll remember not to mention it," she answered. "I'll tell him you told me not to."

"I think you may retire now," said Mr. Carewe sharply.

She rose from the steps, went to the door, then turned at the threshold. "Were *all* your friends here, papa?"

"Do you think that every ninny who gabbled in my house last night was my friend?" he said angrily. "There was one friend of mine, Mrs. Tanberry, who wasn't here, because she is out of town; but I do not imagine you are inquiring about women. You mean: Was every unmarried male idiot who could afford a swallow-tailed coat and a clean pair of gloves cavorting about the place? Yes, miss, they were all here except two, and one of those is a fool, the other a knave."

"Can't I know the fool?" she asked eagerly.

"I rejoice to find them so rare in your experience!" he retorted. "This one is out of town, though I have no doubt you will see him sufficiently often when he returns. His name is Crailey Gray, and he is to marry Fanchon Bareaud—if he remembers!"

"And the knave?"

"*Is* one!" Carewe shut his teeth with a venomous snap, and his whole face reddened suddenly. "I'll mention this fellow once—now," he said, speaking each word with emphasis. "His name is Vanrevel. You see that gate; you see the line of my property there: the man himself, as well as every other person in the town, remembers well that the last time I spoke to him, it was to tell him that if he ever set foot on ground of mine I'd shoot him down, and he knows, and they all know, I shall keep my word! Elsewhere, I told him, that for the sake of public peace, I should ignore him. I do. You will see him everywhere; but it will not be difficult; no one will have the hardihood to present him to my daughter. The quarrel between us—" Mr. Carewe broke off for a moment, his hands clenching the arms of his chair, while he swallowed with difficulty as though he choked upon some acrid bolus, and he was so strongly agitated by his own mention of his enemy that he controlled himself by a painful effort of his will.

"The quarrel between us is political—and personal. You will remember."

"I shall remember," she answered in a rather frightened voice.

It was long before she fell asleep. "I alone must hover about the gates or steal into your garden like a thief," the Incroyable had said. "The last time I spoke to him, it was to tell him that if he ever set foot on ground of mine I'd shoot him down!" had been her father's declaration. And Mr. Carewe had spoken with the most undeniable air of meaning what he said. Yet she knew that the Incroyable would come again.

Also, with hot cheeks pressed into her pillow, Miss Betty had identified the young man in the white hat, that dark person whose hand she had far too impetuously seized in both of hers. *Aha!* It was this gentleman who looked into people's eyes and stammered so sincerely over a pretty speech that you almost believed him, it was he who was to marry Fanchon Bareaud—"*if he remembers!*" No wonder Fanchon had been in such a hurry to get him away. "*If he remembers!*" Such was *that* young man's character, was it? Miss Carewe laughed aloud to her pillow: for was one to guess the reason, also, of his not having come to her ball? Had the poor man been *commanded* to be "out of town"?

Then, remembering the piquant and generous face of Fanchon, Betty clinched her fingers tightly and crushed the imp who had suggested the unworthy thought, crushed him to a wretched pulp and threw him out of the open window. He immediately sneaked in by the back way, for, in spite of her victory, she still felt a little sorry for poor Fanchon.

(To be continued)

LOUIS PASTEUR

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

THE first commission which I undertook for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was an article on the Pasteur Institute of Paris. It required many visits to the place to gather the material needed, and while making these visits I often met Louis Pasteur, who was then living in the institution in a comfortable suite of rooms reserved for his use. This was in 1893, two years before M. Pasteur's death, and though he was too feeble to conduct investigations or actively to direct the management, he kept in closest touch with whatever was doing. Indeed, from the turbaned Arab at the gate, waiting to be inoculated for hydrophobia, to the director, M. Roux, in his office, there was but one name on everybody's lips—that of Pasteur.

What I learned at that time of the work I had been directed to study was promptly forgotten, but the impression I received of Louis Pasteur can never be effaced. It was of a great, serious nature respecting every sincere effort and loving every human thing, wanting nothing so much as to help others and fearing nothing so much as to wound the humblest. That he was a great scientist the Pasteur Institute was proof. But in his presence all his marvelous discoveries were forgotten in the consciousness that here was a perfectly gentle soul. That this impression was true, the story of his life recently told fully by his son-in-law, Vallery-Radot,* more than verifies. Vallery-Radot had, of course, a vast amount of material from which to prepare the two volumes he has written. All of Pasteur's correspondence, his laboratory notes, his unfinished drafts of papers, his plans for future investigation, were in his hands. He had the assistance of family and friends. He had the knowledge born of his own intimate relation to Pasteur. He strives to present worthily a work which has been of incalculable moment to the world, but in spite of himself the man Pasteur in his book overshadows entirely the scientist. It was inevitable; the man was greater than his work. In all the fundamentals of greatness: simplicity, purpose, steadfastness, reverence, he was pre-eminent, and the results he achieved are the direct expression of his character.

Though born in the humblest of homes, Louis Pasteur's life was, from the beginning, dignified by the spirit of a household whose great concern was to live worthily of France. He was the only boy in the family, and, in spite of poverty, it was determined he should be educated.

"Louis, if I can only see you one day a professor in the college at Arbois,"† said M. Pasteur, "I shall be the happiest man in the world." The privations which the father and mother and sisters cheerfully endured that he might have the advantage of the best schools, were more than appreciated by the boy. Never was there a more ardent disciple of the gospel of work. "When one is accustomed to work, it is impossible to do without it; besides everything in this world depends on that," he wrote his sisters, when he was eighteen. As he advanced from school to school, coming at last to the École Normale, in Paris, this passion for work increased. He was now twenty-one years old, and the desire to conduct original researches in chemistry had been awakened. He was taking lectures, tutoring, reading, but somehow he found time for the laboratory. To drag him from it for daily exercise took all the tact of his most intimate friend, Chappuis, who, day after day, would go to the laboratory and sit on a stool, quietly and patiently, until Pasteur, conquered, jerked off his apron, saying, half angrily, half gratefully: "Well, let us go for a walk."

A wonderful intimacy was kept up, during all Pasteur's student days, with the little family at Arbois. If one of his bulky letters was too long in coming, his father wrote to reproach him gently: "Your sisters were counting the days. Eighteen days! they said. Louis has

* *The "Life of Pasteur," by René Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Two volumes. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co., 1902.*

† *Louis Pasteur was born at Dôle, France, but the family later removed to Arbois, where the father had a small tannery.*

never kept us waiting so long! Can he be ill? It is a great joy to me," adds the father, "to note your attachment to each other. May it always remain so." "The smallest incidents of daily life were related," says Vallery-Radot. "The father, knowing that he should inform the son of the fluctuations of the family budget, spoke of his more or less successful sales of leathers at the Besançon fair. The son was ever hunting in the progress of industry anything that could tend to lighten the father's heavy handicraft. But though the father declared himself ready to examine Vauquelin's new tanning process, which obviated the necessity of keeping the skins so long in the pits, he asked himself with scrupulous anxiety whether leathers prepared in that way would last as long as the others. Could he safely guarantee them to the shoemakers, who were unanimous in praising the goods of the little tannery-yard, but, alas, equally unanimous in forgetting to reward the disinterested tanner by prompt payment? He supplied his family with the necessaries of life—what more did he want? When he had news of his *Normalien* he was thoroughly happy. He associated himself with his son's doings, sharing his enthusiasm over lectures and classes."

One of the most touching features of the letters which passed between father and son at this time was the instruction Louis attempted to give the elder Pasteur. He had often heard his father deplore his lack of instruction, and thinking that he might help him to satisfy his desire for knowledge he proposed to send him regular lessons. The proposition was made with great delicacy. "It is in order that you may be able to help Josephine (his sister) that I am sending you this work to do." He took most seriously his task of tutor by correspondence; the papers he sent were not always easy. His father wrote (January 2, 1845): "I have spent two days over a problem which I afterwards found quite easy; it is no trifle to learn a thing and teach it directly afterwards." And a month later: "Josephine does not care to rack her brains, she says; however, I promise you that you will be pleased with her progress by the next holidays."

As long as the father lived this intimacy continued. After Pasteur's work began to be recognized the father came several times to Paris, and there met the great scientists, who were as proud as he of the young man's discoveries and promise. They were not slow to recognize the superiority of the plain old tanner. "We highly appreciated your father," wrote the great chemist Biot, "the rectitude of his judgment, his firm, calm, simple reason, and the enlightened love he bears you." How profoundly Pasteur himself appreciated his father's worth, how with years his love became devotion one realizes from the tribute he paid his memory in 1883 at a celebration in his honor, held at Dôle, his birthplace: "And thou, dearest father, whose life was as hard as thy hard trade, thou hast shown to me what patience and protracted effort can accomplish. It is to thee that I owe perseverance in daily work. Not only hadst thou the qualities which go to make a useful life, but also admiration for great men and great things. To look upwards, learn to the utmost, to seek to rise ever higher, such was thy teaching. I can see thee now, after a hard day's work, reading in the evening some story of the battles in the glorious epoch of which thou wast a witness. Whilst teaching me to read, thy care was that I should learn the greatness of France."

In 1849 Pasteur was married. He had not intended to take a wife so soon, but the ardor of his nature was too much for him. In January, 1849, he was appointed assistant professor of chemisty in the faculty at Strasburg. On his arrival he met Mlle. Laurent, a daughter of the dean of the faculty, and two weeks later asked for her hand. Deeply in love as he was, he seems to have had a twinge of conscience when he thought of his laboratory, for in writing of the engagement he said remorsefully, "I, who did so love my crystals!"

Happily, the marriage made no difference with the crystals. Madame Pasteur had the intelligence to realize the possibilities in her husband's devotion to work, and from the first sought to share his labors with him. She guarded his laboratory from interruptions, served as his secretary, and became a skilful assistant in many experiments—indeed, she was an adept in the sericulture processes Pasteur devised. More than this, she shared his enthusiasm. To her alone he confided first his visions of future achievements, many of them so bold that his best friends regarded them coldly and warned him of the danger of perfervid imagination. How to preserve the health of his body, and the serenity of his mind, and at the same time to satisfy his heart was her constant concern. Her courage in their trials was unwavering, and her joy in his successes deep and genuine. I shall never forget the unconscious devotion of the two as I saw them at the Pasteur Institute. Their more than forty years of life together had developed what seemed to be entire completeness of sympathy and understanding.

The rare and beautiful sympathy which Madame Pasteur gave her husband took away

The last photograph, made two months before his death by H. Mairet, Paris

much of the sting from the hard circumstances under which almost throughout his life his original work was done. Sent to the École Normale of Paris in 1857 from the faculty of Lille, where he had for three years held the chair of chemistry, he was given the administrative work of the faculty. His duties here included a multitude of harassing details. "Catering; ascertain what weight of meat per pupil is given out at the École Polytechnique. Courtyard to be strewn with sand. Ventilation of class room. Dining-hall door to be repaired," read the notes of one day. Fine work, his admirers said, for a man who had made France famous by his discoveries in crystals and fermentation; but Pasteur neither fretted nor shirked. It was his duty, and that was enough. He would find time for experiments, however, and installed a laboratory in attic rooms so poorly heated that he could not work on cold days. Here, without an attendant, and in spite of the economic and hygienic management of the institution, and the discipline and moral training of pupils expected of him, he inaugurated his celebrated work on alcoholic fermentation. A little later he exchanged his attic for a tiny doorkeeper's lodge, where, to get to his drying stove, he had to crawl on his knees under a staircase.

In 1870, when the Prussian invasion had driven him from Paris (every one of the pupils of the École Normale enlisted in 1870, and the school itself was turned into a kind of refuge for soldiers), he went to his old home in Arbois. He was very feeble, having a year and a half before nearly died of a paralytic stroke, but work he would. "Any sort of laboratory work was difficult for him in the tanner's house, which had remained the joint property of himself and his sister," says Vallery-Radot. "His brother-in-law had continued Joseph Pasteur's trade, and Pasteur applied his spirit of observation to everything around him, and took the opportunity of studying the fermentation of tan. He would ask endless questions, trying to discover the scientific reason of every process and every routine. While his sister was making bread he would study the raising of the crust, the influence of air in the kneading of the dough, and his imagination rising as usual from a minor point to the greatest problems, he began to seek for a means of increasing the nutritive powers of bread, and, consequently, of lowering its price."

Throughout all his life his investigations were carried on under hardship. Even after a perfect installation was provided for him by the State, the nature of his work made it often impossible for him to stay in Paris. To finish his experiments on the germ theory he climbed high Alps; to conduct his examinations of silkworms, of cattle afflicted with charbon, and of swine with rouget, he was obliged to use temporary and inconvenient quarters in the country where silkworms and cattle and swine were raised.

The confinement, the hardship, and the drudgery of Pasteur's laboratory work never had the stupefying effect on his imagination and his emotions which is so often observable in students carrying on trying and protracted researches. The harder he worked the more active his brain, the more fertile his spirit of invention. Pasteur was never a mere "laboratory pillar"—a dead scholar. Every experiment he undertook was to support a theory.

"Without theory, practice is but routine born of habit," he said to his students. "Theory alone can bring forth and develop the spirit of invention. It is to you specially that it will belong not to share the opinion of those narrow minds who disdain everything in science which has not an immediate application. You know Franklin's charming saying? He was witnessing the first demonstration of a purely scientific discovery, and people round him said: 'But what is the use of it?' Franklin answered them: 'What is the use of a new-born child?' Yes, gentlemen, what is the use of a new-born child? And yet, perhaps, at that tender age, germs already existed in you of the talents which distinguished you! In your baby boys, fragile beings as they are, there are incipient magistrates, scientists, heroes as valiant as those who are now covering themselves with glory under the walls of Sebastopol. And thus, gentlemen, a theoretical discovery has but the merit of its existence: it awakens hope—and that is all. But let it be cultivated, let it grow, and you will see what it will become."

And Pasteur's theories had for him the added inspiration that if they were realized they would benefit mankind and bring glory to France. Nearly all of his great discoveries had their birth in his willingness to help others, or in his stern sense of duty. It was to aid a manufacturer of beet-root alcohol, who had trouble in his factory at Lille, that Pasteur first undertook the study of fermentation. He carried on these experiments until he dared put out his germ theory in opposition to that of spontaneous generation. With what a passion for the truth he applied his theory! The wines of France were subject to diseases which were ruining their reputation abroad. Might not these diseases be due to ferments, originating in germs in the liquid? If these germs were

PASTEUR'S FATHER AND MOTHER

Done in pastel by Pasteur at the age of sixteen years

destroyed would not the disease be arrested or prevented? By the simple process of heating—*pasteurization*, as it was called—it was proved that the cause of the disease could be removed. The application of his discoveries in fermentation would easily have earned him a fortune. Napoleon III., who always took a lively interest in his work, once asked him why he did not take advantage of the opportunity. "In France," he answered, "scientists would consider that they lowered themselves by doing so. He feared he would ruin that simplicity of life which he felt was essential to all good achievement, stifle invention, and dull his ardor for work if he allowed himself to make money by his discoveries."

Passionately interested as Pasteur was in his study of ferments, his sense of duty turned him from it in 1865, when he was asked, by the government, to give his attention to the epidemic which had for a long time ravaged silkworms. In twenty years the loss to France from this cause had been 1,500,000,000 francs. For five years Pasteur labored at the problem, completely solving it in the end. For this work he received no private reward. To have relieved the stricken districts was enough for him—that and the consciousness that France had the credit of his discoveries. This patriotic devotion, always great, was intensified by the war of 1870. When the war ended Pasteur was fifty years old, and had suffered already one paralytic stroke, but what matter? "My head is full of splendid projects; the war sent my brain to grass, but I now feel ready for further work. Perhaps I am deluding myself; anyhow I will try. . . . Why can I not begin a new life of study and work! Unhappy France, beloved country, if I could only assist in raising thee from thy disasters!"

He was offered at this time a great salary to go to Pisa, to take a chair of chemistry applied to agriculture. Every facility for work was to be given him, but he refused. "I should feel that I deserved a deserter's penalty if I sought, away from my country in distress, a material situation better than it can offer me." And so it was for France and humanity that he began anew to work. The horrible mortality among the wounded in the war had wrung his heart, and as soon as he returned to Paris he began to study the causes. It was due to germs of disease carried on instruments and on cotton-wool dressing, said Pasteur. Proper care, the use of antiseptics, and sterilizing by heat would destroy the germs and prevent the putrefaction. It is evident enough now, but it was only by repeated demonstrations that Pasteur forced his precautions on the physicians and surgeons of his day. They were so set on believing in spontaneous generation, that they were unwilling even to test practices which contradicted it. The methods of caring for the wounded and the sick he invented reduced the mortality in surgical cases from fifty in one hundred to five in one hundred, and in lying-in hospitals from two hundred in one thousand to three, and, finally, to two per thousand.

Charbon, or splenic fever, was ruining the flocks of France, and he attacked and conquered it; then rouget, then hydrophobia. Inspired by hope of delivering humanity from germ diseases, he worked with feverish intensity. The harder he worked the more he accomplished, the more brilliantly the spirt of invention burned within him. He seemed to dare to grapple any mystery of life or death. He was "at boiling point" from morning until night.

It is rare that great caution goes with such ardor as characterized Pasteur. He never announced anything as final, however, until convinced that he was right. Cautious as he was, many of his announcements brought down the wrath of his contemporaries and forced him to heap up mountains of proof. Unwillingness to examine testimony and to accept it if it could not be weakened was always a crime in Pasteur's eyes. It was an insult to science and truth, a standing in the way of the glory of France, he said, and he would defend his positions wrathfully and persistently. At the very beginning of his career certain of his conclusions in crystallography were attacked. The criticism was a trivial one—that the crystal in question was hemihedral on the left side instead of the right as Pasteur had said; but it was magnified to great proportions by those who did not know the subject and were willing to discredit Pasteur.

"Seeing that incontrovertible arguments were required," says Vallery-Radot, "Pasteur sent for a cabinet-maker with his tools. He superintended the making of a complete wooden set of the crystalline forms of tartrates—a gigantic set, such as Gulliver might have seen in Brobdingnag if he had studied geometrical forms in that island. A coating of colored paper finished the work; green paper marked the hemihedral face. As a member of the Philomathic Society, Pasteur asked the Society to give up the meeting of November 8, 1862, to the discussion of that subject. Several of his colleagues vainly endeavored to dissuade him from that intention; Pasteur hearkened to no one. He took with him his provision of wooden crystals, and gave a vivid and impassioned lecture. 'If you know the question,' he asked his adversaries, 'where is your conscience? If you know it not, why meddle with it?'"

M. Duclaux said about this meeting: "Pasteur has since then won many oratorical victories. I do not know of a greater one than that deserved by that acute and penetrating improvisation. He was still much heated as we were walking back to the Rue d'Ulm, and I remember making him laugh by asking him why, in the state of mind he was in, he had not concluded by hurling his wooden crystals at his adversaries' heads."

This amusing scene was duplicated more than once in the Academy of Sciences or of Medicine. Much more dramatic than any demonstration of his theory he ever gave in Paris was the great experiment he tried in the spring of 1881, at a farm near Melun, literally before the eyes of Europe. In February of that year Pasteur had announced to the Academy of Sciences that he had discovered a vaccine for splenic fever, which would give a mild form of the disease to sheep, cows, and horses, and assure them of future immunity. There was much nodding of heads and curling of lips among doubters. A leader of the opposition was the veterinary surgeon M. Rossignol.

To prove Pasteur wrong, M. Rossignol raised a subscription to carry on a great experiment at the farm Pouilly le Fort, near Melun. Sixty sheep were put at Pasteur's disposal; twenty-five were to be vaccinated by two inoculations, at twelve or fifteen days' interval, with some attenuated charbon virus. Some days later those twenty-five and also twenty-five others would be inoculated with some very virulent charbon culture.

"The twenty-five unvaccinated sheep will all perish," wrote Pasteur; "the twenty-five vaccinated ones will survive." They were afterwards to be compared with the ten sheep which

had undergone no treatment at all. It would thus be seen that vaccination did not prevent sheep from returning to their normal state of health after a certain time. Ten cows were also chosen—six to be vaccinated, four not.

The inoculations took place on May 5th, 15th, and 31st, before big crowds of physicians, farmers, and veterinary surgeons. Pasteur had announced that on June 5th, at the latest, his twenty-five sheep and six cows which had been vaccinated should be alive, and the unvaccinated dead. During the period of waiting excitement ran high, certain veterinary surgeons even drinking to a fiasco. "Pasteur had no thought of failure," says Vallery-Radot, "until the very day before the 5th; then he received a telegram that one of his vaccinated sheep was in a bad way. By a sudden reaction, he, who had drawn up such a bold program, leaving no margin for the unexpected, and who the day before seemed of an imperturbable tranquillity among all those sheep, the life or death of whom was about to decide between an immortal discovery and an irremediable failure, now felt himself beset with doubts and anguish. Pasteur's emotional nature, strangely allied to his fighting temperament, was mastering him." "His faith staggered for a time," writes M. Roux, "as if the experimental method could betray him." The night was a sleepless one.

"This morning, at eight o'clock," wrote Madame Pasteur to her daughter, "we were still very much excited, and awaiting the telegram which might announce some disaster. Your father would not let his mind be distracted from his anxiety. At nine o'clock the laboratory was informed, and the telegram handed to me five minutes later. I had a moment's emotion which made me pass through all the colors of the rainbow. Yesterday, a considerable rise of temperature had been noticed with terror in one of the sheep; this morning that same sheep was well again."

On the arrival of the telegram Pasteur's face lighted up; his joy was deep, and he desired to share it immediately with his absent children. Before starting for Melun, he wrote them this letter:

June 2, 1881.

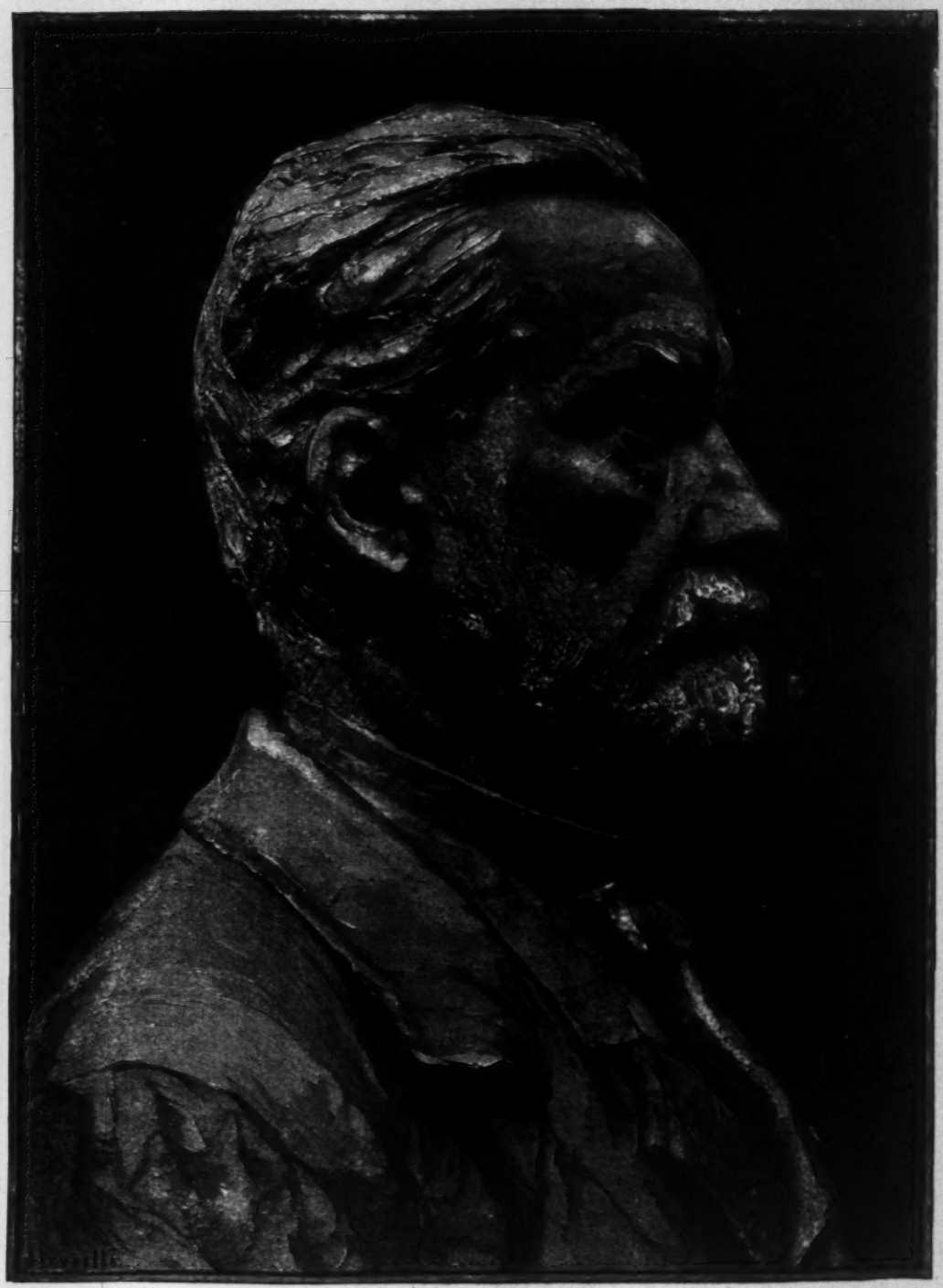
It is only Thursday, and I am already writing to you; it is because a great result is now acquired. A wire from Melun has just announced it. On Tuesday last, 31st May, we inoculated all the sheep, vaccinated and non-vaccinated with very virulent splenic fever. It is not forty-eight hours ago. Well, the telegram tells me that, when we arrive at two o'clock this afternoon, all the non-vaccinated subjects will be dead; eighteen were already dead this morning, and the others dying. As to the vaccinated ones, they are all well; the telegram ended by the words "*stunning success*"; it is from the veterinary surgeon M. Rossignol.

These experiments caused a tremendous sensation in Europe. Pasteur was hailed by all France, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor offered him. It was characteristic that he made its acceptance conditional to the red ribbon being given his two collaborators, Chamberland and Roux. The news that the three had been awarded was brought them one day as they were all hard at work in the laboratory over rabbits and guinea pigs.

In all the relations of life Louis Pasteur was the gentlest of men. The suffering of animals in the laboratory was an endless sorrow to him. When the first dog was trephined and inoculated with hydrophobia he was greatly disturbed.

"He could assist without too much effort," writes M. Roux, "at a simple operation, such as a subcutaneous inoculation; and even then, if the animal screamed at all, Pasteur was immediately filled with compassion, and tried to comfort and encourage the victim in a way which would have seemed ludicrous if it had not been touching. The thought of having a dog's cranium perforated was very disagreeable to him; he very much wished that the experiment should take place, and yet he feared to see it begun. I performed it one day when he was out. The next day, as I was telling him that the intercranial inoculation had presented no difficulty, he began pitying the dog. 'Poor thing! His brain is no doubt injured; he must be paralyzed!' I did not answer, but went to fetch the dog, whom I brought into the laboratory. Pasteur was not fond of dogs, but when he saw this one, full of life, curiously investigating every part of the laboratory, he showed the keenest pleasure, and spoke to the dog in the most affectionate manner. Pasteur was infinitely grateful to this dog for having borne trephining so well, thus lessening his scruples for future trephining."

When, in 1885, he first inoculated man for hydrophobia, his suffering and anxiety was terrible. The patient was a child nine years old, who had been bitten in fourteen places. Pasteur, after consulting two eminent physicians, determined to vaccinate the lad. After the inoculation began and while the result was uncertain Pasteur could neither sleep nor work. Visions of the child dying with hydrophobia tormented him. His faith in his method was shaken, and he blamed himself for daring to trust his theory. When, finally, "the dear lad," as Pasteur always called him, recovered, his joy was unrestrained. In the fall, after



LOUIS PASTEUR

From an engraving by A. Léveillé. After the bust by Paul Dubois

this success, a little girl of ten was brought to Pasteur, who had been bitten thirty-seven days before. He felt that the case was hopeless, that it was too late for the treatment to stay the evil. But he found himself unable to resist the prayers of the father and mother to try and save their child. After the treatment was over the little girl returned to school,

when fits of breathlessness appeared, which were soon followed by convulsive spasms. Pasteur hastened to her side, and new inoculations were attempted. Moments of calm followed, which inspired him with the vain hope that she might yet be saved. This delusion was shortlived. He could not tear himself away from the child, who loved him dearly, and who gasped out a desire that he should stay with her. She felt for his hand between two spasms. Pasteur shared the grief of the father and mother, and when all hope had to be abandoned he burst into tears "I did so wish I could have saved your little one!" he sobbed.

People wondered at his emotion. "How can Pasteur, who has received every mark of admiration, every supreme honor, whose name is connected by universal renown, still be touched by anything save the discoveries of his powerful genius," asked some one. Only those who came close to Louis Pasteur realized that he valued his discoveries only because they lightened human burdens or saved human lives, that when he had failed to do what he tried to do, he was as overwhelmed by the woe of the world as if he had done nothing to relieve it.

How much he did do for humanity in his life cannot be estimated. His discoveries are too far reaching for calculation. Consider the three great truths he established:

Each fermentation is produced by the development of a special microbe.

Each infectious disease is produced by the development within the organism of a special microbe.

The microbe of an infectious disease, cultivated under certain detrimental conditions, is attenuated in its pathogenic activity; from a virus it has become a vaccine.

In 1883 the result of these discoveries were reported to the French Chamber of Deputies in the following words:

"As a practical consequence of the first discovery, M. Pasteur has given rules for the manufacture of beer and of vinegar, and shown how beer and wine may be preserved against secondary fermentations which would turn them sour, bitter, or slimy, and which render difficult their transport and even their preservation on the spot.

"As a practical consequence of the second discovery, M. Pasteur has given rules to be followed to preserve cattle from splenic fever contamination, and silkworms from the diseases which decimated them. Surgeons, on the other hand, have succeeded, by means of the guidance it efforded, in effecting almost completely the disappearance of erysipelas and of the purulent infections which formerly brought about the death of so many patients after operations.

"As a practical consequence of the third discovery, M. Pasteur has given rules for, and indeed has effected, the preservation of horses, oxen, and sheep from the anthrax disease which every year kills in France about 20,000,000 francs' worth. Swine will also be preserved from the rouget disease which decimates them, and poultry from the cholera, which makes such terrible havoc among them. Everything leads us to hope that rabies will also soon be conquered."

A few years later and it was known that rabies had been conquered. It was realized fully, too, that the world might hope to see the day when germ diseases would be subject to human skill.

Conscious as Pasteur was of the tremendous value of his work, he was singularly indifferent to the honors he received. He never regarded them as personal tributes. It was glorious that science should be so honored he said, when he was asked to join the Académie Française. Foreign tribute he received proudly, because they were an honor for France. Indeed, there could be little room for self in a nature so exalted. Dwelling, as he did, in the "Temple of the Future," his mind was ever fixed on the great unknown. What had been done was only a stepping-stone to what he saw to do. It was for that he lived and worked. To the very end of his life his fever for discovery, his splendid audacity, his indomitable energy in attacking problems remained. Never did the faith in work, which had been his inspiration in the beginning, falter. In 1884, at Edinburgh, one of the five representatives sent by France to the tercentenary of the University, he addressed the students:

"Ever since I can remember my life as a man, I do not think I have ever spoken for the first time with a student without saying to him, 'Work perseveringly; work can be made into a pleasure, and alone is profitable to man, to his city, to his country.'"

But he reminded them, at the same time, that with work must go enthusiasm, "the beautiful word bequeathed by the Greeks, ἐν θεός, an inward God."

It was this "inward God," as he understood it, which inspired Louis Pasteur always. The incalculable benefit he conferred on humanity, the glory he brought to his beloved France, are the fruit of intelligent work illumined by a noble enthusiasm.

THE ROPING AT PASCO'S

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY URQUHART WILCOX

THERE was to be a roping at Pasco's. Turk McGlory came riding a painted pony with his blanket tucked up under the brow of his saddle cantle and his big wheel spurs tinkling to every ambling step of the pinto. All the signs proclaimed that Turk was from Texas. His saddle was double-cinch, his rope was of hemp as thick as your thumb and only half as long as the Arizona rawhide riata, and there were Colorado conchos on his bridle and a silver spade bit that cost more than the pinto himself. He had ridden far, for his eyebrows were powdered with fine white dust, and his flannel-clad canteen rubbed light against his saddle flank. Turk McGlory was whistling "La Paloma," and calculating what he would do with the prize—which he already regarded as won. Turk had big innocent blue eyes that looked straight out at you from the desert wrinkles of his brown face, a little white mustache, the first fruits of manhood, and good-humored, firm lips. There was something so irresistibly new about him that Carver, the head-judge of the roping, instinctively called him "the Kid."

You shall see Pasco's: Brown 'dobe huts in the midst of a wide gray plain, tufted in the foreground like upholstery with knobs of sage-brush; a railroad gleaming across it like a chalk-line; dim blue mountains, ragged along the top, set up in the distance. Out from the town, on the right, a dusty road led to a huge corral used for a race-course, with a steer pen in one corner. Cow punchers were saddling, tightening cinches, mounting, and riding up and down in bustling confusion; a crowd was gathering to the grand stand at one side; a tall fellow in a white sombrero was bawling for bets on the contest; and over all glared the hot white Arizona sunshine. Pasco's was hard at its favorite sport. Steer-roping is the fine art of the cattle-ranges; it is also the chief business of the cow-boy. No other great sport is so closely linked with the daily work of the soil, no other work has in it so many of the elements of wild sport.

Turk McGlory, riding into the corral, felt all the eyes of Pasco's heavy upon him. It gave him a sense of heat, and too little air. He felt somehow that they knew, especially the women knew, that this was to be his first public roping. He wished that they also knew of his wild riding and tying with the Lazy A outfit, and then he was glad they didn't. Out on the plains he had felt the strength of every muscle in his lanky six feet, and he was certain of winning; but now he felt needlessly large, loose, obstructive, and for one panicky second he was riding away, prizes to the wind. Then he clapped his teeth shut and dismounted.

"By ——," he said, "I'll stay."

Here at the pen, where a dozen wild steers were crowding and panting, were knotted the cow-

boys and their admirers, Carver and his judges, and the small men who were betting. With a throb of the heart, Turk recognized Bud Oliver, to him the greatest man on the cattle range. No man between Texas and Los Angeles was his equal for roping and tying. Turk McGlory would rather have been Bud Oliver than Governor of Texas. Turk was the champion, receiving his friends like a king, giving them an off-hand word or a clap on the back—a hopelessly inimitable perfection of good-fellowship. And then there was Buster Graham, the champion of Arizona, and Halversen, a square man with a jaw like a bull-dog's; Doc Mason, who had roped with Buffalo Bill, and a number of others whose names were great in the roping field. Turk's heart went down and down when he thought of competing with men like these, and then it suddenly leaped up with the realization that he was in such company, a part of it, and he resolved that he would never leave the field until every man in it recognized him as a roper, too.

Little groups of people were drifting by to the grand stand. Here and there, from the corner of his eye, as he bent to adjust the saddle-cinches, Turk McGlory caught the glint of a white skirt or of a flowing ribbon. Sometimes the girls stopped to discuss the contestants; he heard them talking of Bud Oliver, and Mason, and Buster Graham. Suddenly, as he tightened a latigo strap, a saucy, smiling face looked up at him. Her sister was evidently trying to pull her away, but she said, half teasingly:

"I'm wearing your colors, Mr. Texas. You must win."

He saw nothing but deep black eyes, and he felt the blood in his face. He couldn't have spoken if he had known that it was to save his life, and he knew that he was smiling foolishly.

She looked back over her shoulder, raising a mischievous finger.

"Remember!" she said.

Turk took two steps after her, and then went back to his saddle. She was in blue and white; he wore a blue and white silk handkerchief knotted loosely, cow-boy fashion, about his throat. Whatever else he saw, he also saw her until she was in her place in the grand stand.

Some one shouted, a flagman rode out from the pen on a sleek city horse, the admirers and the bettors slowly worked away, leaving the cow-boys and the judges around the pen. The contest was about to begin. Turk observed that every contestant except Bud Oliver and himself was an Arizona or New Mexico man—single-cinches, white sombreros, rowel-spurs, and all that. Turk himself wore a big black-crowned hat, trousers sagging so low as to make him appear extraordinarily

TURK McGLORY

long waisted and big shouldered, high-heeled Mexican boots, and a vest, unbuttoned, but no coat. He stepped with a peculiar roll, seen only in these dwellers on horses, to whom walking is an uncouth exercise to be avoided.

An attendant was dropping one of the bars of the pen twenty-five feet in front, where a log marked the starting place. Denny Hughes, the first of the contestants, was sitting his horse, bridle rein down, coiling his rope and fitting the rings to the proper places between his fingers. In front of him, a hundred feet from the pen gate, the flagman sat stiff and still with flag in air. The steer was to have a hundred feet start, and the cow-boy was not to give chase until the flag dropped. As befitted a natural sport, the rules were few and simple. It was to get the steer, throw him, and tie him so that he could not get up, and the puncher who made the best time was the winner. It is the every-day task of the cow-man on the range; it is the way all cattle are caught, either for branding or killing.

"'REMEMBER!'"

Three bars were down. A splendid big steer stepped out with raised head and horns high, paused a moment, and looked regally about him. In the hush, Turk McGlory heard, with a thrill, the hoarse shout of the pool-seller:

"What am I offered on Turk McGlory of Texas against the field?"

There was dead silence, then dust rising in the hot air, and the steer was off, a brown streak across the field. Down dropped the flag, Denny Hughes gave his horse the spur, and went forward with a leap, his rope gyrating in long, slow sweeps about his head. Oh! but it was beautiful to see. The steer swerved like a bent bow to the right and Denny was almost on him; there was much dust and an occasional shout from the stand. Denny leaned forward and cast, the long rope uncoiling in graceful curves through the air. Denny drew in his horse sharply, the steer wavered as the rope struck him, then with a shrug he threw it aside and dashed onward.

"Get him, get him; try him again, Denny," roared the crowd.

The steer had turned, and Denny was after him again, riding at full speed and drawing in and coiling his rope at the same time. Round and round swept the coil, and then it shot straight forward, the loop in the air like a flattened O. Denny's horse went back on his haunches, the steer leaped high in air, and fell full length. Denny was off, pulling the short tying rope from his belt as he ran. He stooped over the steer, tying two front and one rear legs—hog-tying they call it—in incredibly short time. Then he sprang to his feet, arms in air. It was the signal that the work was finished. The judges came up and declared the steer properly tied. The timekeeper called out:

"One minute, fifty-eight seconds."

"Denny is out of it," observed Bud Oliver. "He should have made it in one throw."

Denny came in, hot and grimy with dust. The grand stand was buzzing again like a trombone heard afar off. The pool-seller bawled his bets, and Turk McGlory saw a girl in blue and white in the grand stand. Turk was shaking with excitement; he felt that he never could throw his rope. What a fool he was to compete with these old ropers! How they would laugh at him!

A little fellow with silver spurs, and a feather in his hat, came next, and fumbled his rope so that it was past two minutes before his steer was down. He was hopelessly beaten, and he came in bedraggled, but grinning.

When Buster Graham went to the line there were shouts of encouragement, and acquaintances from the stand and the pool-seller frantically ran up his bets. Buster and Bud Oliver were plainly the favorites, with a little leaning toward Bud, as Turk observed with rising pride. After all, there was no man like Bud Oliver of Texas.

Buster Graham was a handsome fellow, slim and tall, with long black hair and the smallest feet that ever went into twenty-dollar Mexican boots. On his horse he was a very Centaur, swaying and flowing with every motion like the animal itself. Turk never had seen a man ride so easily before. It was a splendid big steer, too, and it ran as if with a feeling of the sport—a wild straight charge across the corral, swerving neither to right nor to left. How still the crowd was! Buster seemed in no especial hurry. There was little sign of confusion or dust. When his horse's nose was nearly over the steer's flying tail, he swerved easily to the left and cast his rope. The steer seemed to set a front leg in the noose as if the performance had been rehearsed.

"HIS ROPE GYRATING IN LONG, SLOW SWEEPS"

An instant later Buster was tying, with inimitable swiftness and deftness, and then his arms were up and his long black hair was loose in the wind. What a gift it is to do a thing like a young god! And how the crowd roared.

"Buster—Buster Graham!"

The timekeeper could hardly make his voice heard.

"Forty-nine seconds."

The people were standing up now and roaring, while Buster came in as cool and undisturbed as if he had been riding for an airing.

"That was a good job, Buster," said Bud Oliver heartily, and the boy in Turk McGlory spoke out in his eyes at this big friendliness of a rival, and he crowded up to Buster to shake hands, and drew back before he had done it. The betting was now all against Bud Oliver; but that hero seemed in nowise concerned, though he knew it would require the greatest skill and luck to beat such a record as Buster had made.

When Halversen came up to the line, Bud Oliver observed that he was tying his rope, Texaswise, to the pommel of his saddle. The Arizonian ordinarily uses a long rope, sixty feet at the least, and throws it free, at the last giving the end a hitch around the saddle pommel, so that he can let go in case of accident. The Texan burns his ships behind him; he uses a short rope, ties it fast, and takes the consequences.

"Look how you tie that rope," shouted Bud good-naturedly.

Halversen paid no heed, and when the flag went down he was off like a flash. It was a runty red steer, and the rope, opening from Halversen's hand like a coil spring, settled over the steer's horns. There was a wild, scrambling rush, Halversen's horse turning to one side to trip the plunging animal. The rope pulled taut with a snap, and the steer turned a somersault in the dust; but the strain on the single-cinch saddle was too great, and it turned. Halversen, still clinging to the rope, was jerked to the ground, his horse leaping to one side and kicking himself wildly clear of the saddle. For a single instant Halversen was able to regain his feet, and then he went down and the steer dragged him in the dust, rolling him over and over with the saddle. The crowd was shouting its excitement; the judges, the flagman, and most of the cow-men came riding hard to help. Halver-

sen, grit to the backbone, sprang to his feet, still clinging to the rope. At that instant the steer, headed off, turned sharply to the right, and Halversen, instantly seeing his opportunity, ran to the left; then, suddenly, he snubbed hard on the rope, jerking the steer's feet out from under him. It is a thing that the best cow-boy can do only occasionally. Halversen darted forward to tie, but the steer, having time to recover from the force of the fall, was hind feet up when Halversen pounced upon him, seizing his tail. One foot to the left of the steer's hind legs and a sudden strong pull, and the steer was down again—all in the space of two seconds. And then, though there was the wildest kicking and struggling, Halversen, bulldog that he was, tied his animal down and threw up his bloody arms. He was torn and bruised, but he had tied his steer. Of course he could not win; he had been more than three minutes at the struggle, but the crowd made up to him for the failure in the warmth of its reception. It had been three minutes of such excitement as comes in no other sport.

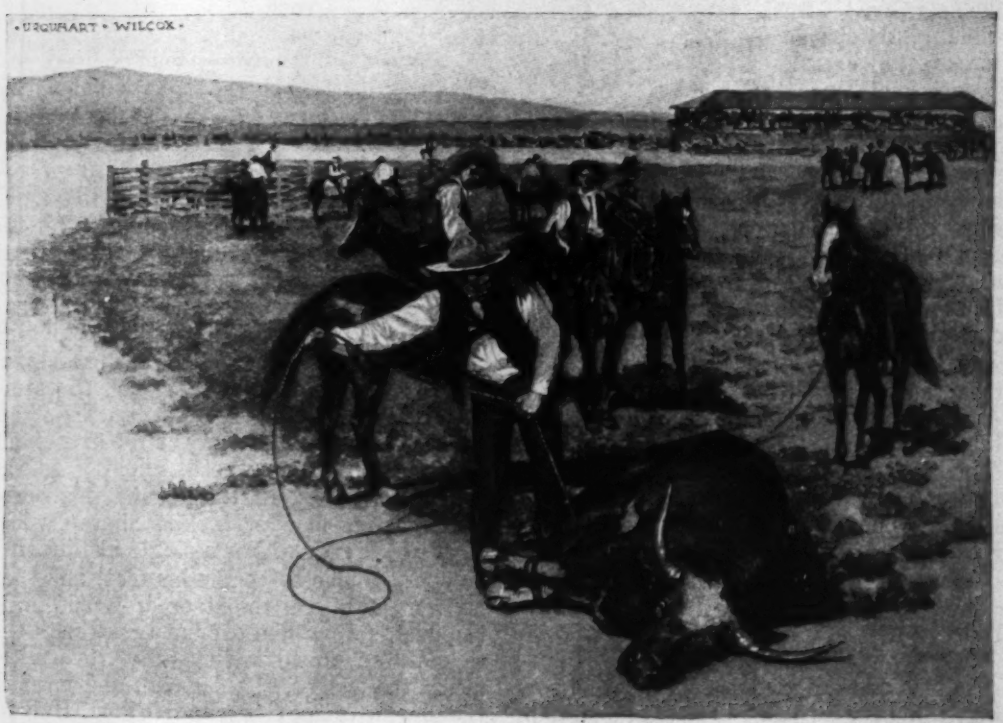
And so, one after another, the contestants rode forward to the fall of the flag—it was a Homeric list—but one by one they failed to equal the record of Buster Graham, although a little red Scotchman named Moorse came within six seconds of it. Turk McGlory lost all hope for himself, but he still felt brave for his hero. Bud Oliver would do it if any one could. And it was now Bud's turn. He and Bud had been left to the last. The nearer his time came the oftener he glanced up to the grand stand, to the girl in blue and white. The pool-seller was now crying his name and Bud's together.

"What am I offered on Bud Oliver, champion of Texas—who will give me even money on Turk McGlory against the field?"

It would all have been sweet to Turk's ears, and embarrassing, too, if he hadn't been so excited. There was luck in roping; probably after all it would go against Bud and Texas.

Have you ever seen a cavalryman, preparing for a charge, turning to tie his coat to his saddle, rolling up the sleeves over his muscular arms, drawing saber and twisting his wrist in the saber cord, then setting his face grimly forward? If you have, you know how Bud Oliver looked, cleared for battle; but no cavalryman ever sat his horse with the oneness of Bud Oliver. To an unschooled observer the little roan pony seemed undersized for so large a man; but the cow-boys, whose alphabet is horses, knew well the prowess of that cat-flanked, ragged-necked roan with his ears laid back and his eyes gleaming half wild.

"TYING, WITH INIMITABLE SWIFTNESS AND DEFTNESS"



"SNUBBED HARD ON THE ROPE, JERKING THE STEER'S FEET OUT FROM UNDER HIM"

"Look out for the Tehanna* man," called a voice from the crowd.

"We're betting on you, Bud Oliver," came other shouts. The Texas men were not overpopular in Arizona, and yet it was a sportsmanlike crowd.

The Babel of voices ceased sharply. A wiry little steer, red and white, shot into the field as if catapulted. Turk McGlory observed how like an antelope it ran—long-legged and as easily as the wind blows. The flag fell, and Bud was off; the judges riding after him were blurred in his dust. There was no roper like Bud. He waited long before raising his rope, bending close to his saddle and riding hard; then in what curious, loose, slow coils he swung it! Would he ride clean over his steer? There! he had reached out as if to catch the steer by the tail, and the rope had gone over his head like a hoop, horns and all. Now he was paying out to trip up the steer. How they were running! Turk McGlory rose suddenly in his saddle.

"Look out for the fence," he roared.

But Bud had seen it too, and the little roan squatted like a rabbit. The steer, reaching the rope's end, doubled up and fell—but fell against the fence. There had not been quite room enough. Bud was off saddle, and the little roan, knowing well what was going on, walked away like a man, pulling hard on the rope to keep the steer down. If it had been a larger steer, or a fatter one, there would have been no trouble; but this one fought like a cat, now on its knees, now on its feet. Bud seized it by the tail, and with a single fierce toss he laid it flat, then he tied—and arms up. Turk McGlory waited with hands clenched to hear the time.

"Fifty seconds."

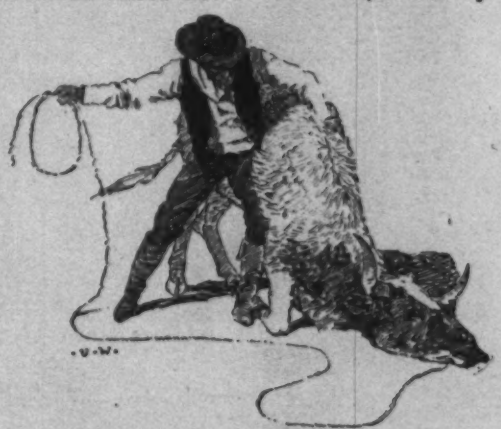
So Bud was beaten by a second, and beaten because he didn't have a fair field. How the crowd howled for the Arizona champion. Bud came up smiling and unconcerned.

"Now, McGlory," he said, "you must make a showing for Texas."

"What am I offered on Turk McGlory against the field?" shouted the pool-seller. "Now's your last chance."

"Hurrah for the kid from Texas!" shouted other voices.

Turk McGlory was at the line, astonished to find himself coiling his rope with so much ease. He felt that he wasn't doing it himself, but that some one else was working in him. The sun blazed hot on the field, but every-



* Tehanna; greaser name for Texas man.

thing seemed dim and indistinct. To him all the voices kept shouting:

"Turk McGlory, Turk McGlory, Turk McGlory."

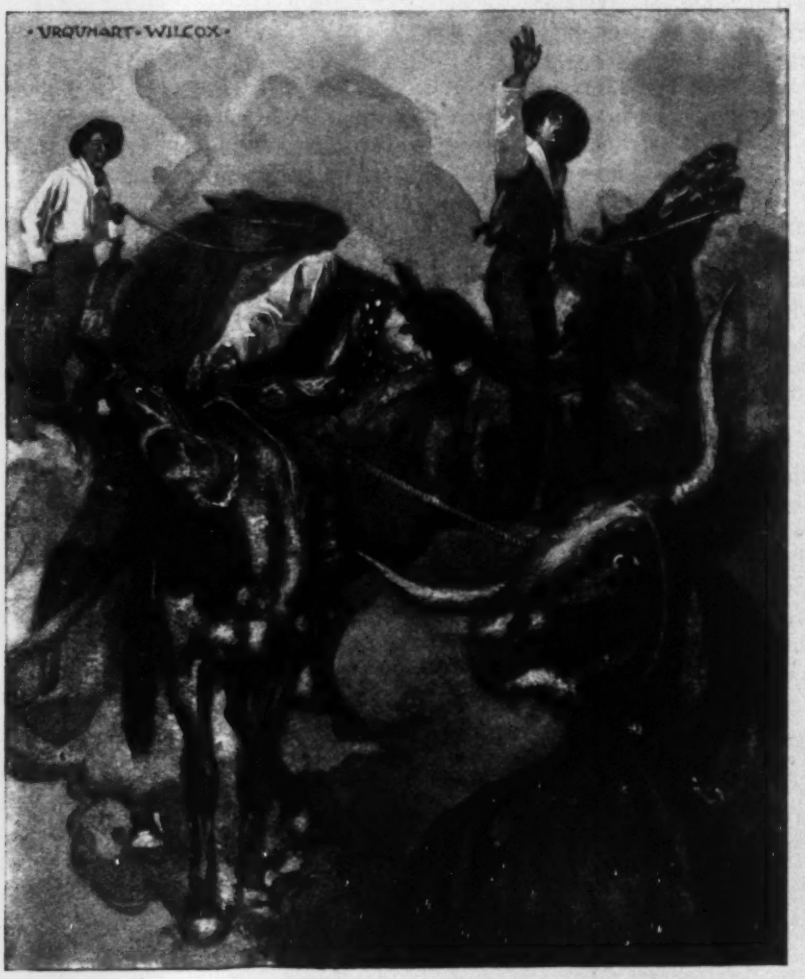
"Hurrah for Texas and the calico horse," came a shout from the grand stand.

"Wait till they see you run, Pinto," Turk said between his teeth, and the pinto stirred nervously under him.

"Ready," called Turk McGlory, though not in Turk McGlory's voice. He gave one glance behind him. The grand stand was a picture of a girl in blue and white; she was the picture, all the rest was frame.

There was a clatter at the pen, and the steer shot past him. Instantly he saw all its points —horns, legs, tail—and they spoke to him with the meaning of familiarity. So must the old knight have looked for the points of his adversary's armor. Now that he was off, Turk's head cleared to his work. The steer ran with hind feet swinging sideways, hog-like. He remembered a steer in the Lazy A outfit that had the same habit, and a bad one it was too. How strange that he should think of such things at such a time! The steer was swerving swiftly to the left. The pinto, nose forward and dilating, instantly slackened pace, swerving in the same direction and cutting off distance. It was much to have a horse, pinto though he be, that knew his business. Turk's rope began to swing, but he was wholly unconscious of it. He seemed now to see only the legless body of a steer swimming on a billow of dust. The fence! He saw it with a throb, and he was yet too far off to throw. And there was the grand stand above it, and men rising, half in terror, and a color of women. The steer had swung almost round. It was a low rail fence, and between it and the grand stand lay the racing track. Dimly McGlory heard shouts of warning. Would the steer plunge into the stand? Dimly, too, glancing back, he saw the other cow-men charging after him to the rescue. There was a crash; the steer had gone through the fence as if it were pasteboard, and the pinto was now close behind. There was all too little room here in the track. The steer would evidently plunge full into the crowd. Turk McGlory's arm shot forward and the rope sped. The pinto sat sharply back, throwing McGlory well over the pommel. To those in the grand stand it seemed as if the steer, all horns and eyes, was plucked out of their faces. When they looked again, McGlory was tying, and the judges and the other punchers were swarming through the gap in the fence. Hands up; and the pinto easing away on the

"IT SEEMED AS IF THE STEER WAS PLUCKED OUT OF THEIR FACES"



rope! It was all lost, McGlory felt. The fence had been in the way. Why couldn't they provide an open field, as in Texas? These Arizona men couldn't conduct a contest. The timer lifted his hand, and the shouting stopped.

"Thirty-six seconds," he announced.

"What a fool of a timer," thought Turk McGlory. "It can't be so."

Then he saw Bud Oliver stride up with outstretched hand, and a lump came in his throat.

"Good boy!" said Bud. "You've saved the day for Texas."

And then the crowd pounced on him and hooted and shouted, "McGlory! McGlory!" until he was dizzy with it all. It was not as he thought it would be. Two hundred dollars won! And he, Turk McGlory!

And then a saucy, flushed face looking up at him.

"I knew you would do it, Mr. Texas," she said.

And with that she pinned a blue and white ribbon on his vest, and he looked off over her head, and trembled.

RUBENS

BY JOHN LA FARGE

"Pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body"

From the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. Inscription on Rubens's house, now Number 7 in the street that bears his name

EX *illustrissima stirpe Rubeniana* (Of that most illustrious line of Rubens). This inscription I read nearly fifty years ago, on the tomb of a lady of rank, recently deceased, and buried in the Rubens Chapel of the Church of St. James, at Antwerp. There the great master also lies, under his own famous painting, called "St. George," which traditionally represents himself and his family.*

I quoted this inscription some little while after to an American descendant of Calvert of Baltimore, also a descendant of Rubens, who often thought of the honor of his own right to interment in that same chapel. This illustrious descent has its beginnings, however, in the more humble origin of Rubens's family—a respectable and ancient family of traders of the great commercial city of Antwerp. But he was not born there, and even the certainty of his place of birth was unsettled until recently. Rubens himself and his people seem to have been ignorant of the singular secret. Those most interested were anxious not to reveal it, and his mother had promised to be silent. His father had not engaged in trade, but had studied, and become a doctor in both civil and ecclesiastical law. He had married Mary Pypelinx, the daughter of a merchant. The times were troubled. Antwerp had become rich and prosperous, with religious and commercial liberty. Religious dissension and the imperialism of Spain at the end of the sixteenth century brought disaster upon the Low Countries: a record of political and religious persecution whose memory is still fresh in history. The Reformation had many friends in Antwerp; and many people, like John Rubens, the father of the artist, were more or less affected by the new ideas. Advocates and preachers of the newer doctrines poured from Germany, Switzerland, and Holland into Antwerp, where, on the other hand, the Jesuits were battling with equal courage, and finally with greater success. The strife was intense. John Rubens represents in himself the struggle. He was always suspected of Calvinistic views, and even styled "the most learned Calvinist." But externally he kept within legal bounds. Still, denounced at length, he determined in 1568 to leave, obtaining honorable recommendations from his colleagues on the Town Council of Antwerp, and withdrew to Cologne, which was a place of refuge and a manner of neutral ground. There John Rubens, obliged to recover his fortunes, came into the service of Anne of Saxony, wife of William of Nassau, the Silent, Prince of Orange, a foremost champion of Protestantism,

* Traditionally, but incorrectly, I believe.

whose name is forever associated with the freeing of Holland and the establishment of its separate and tenacious power.

Anne of Saxony was living apart from her husband, and in Cologne, with the hope of recovering properties sequestrated by the Duke of Alva. William was no model of conjugal virtue, which may pass for some excuse of Anne, a passionate woman, violent in her reproaches of his infidelities. John Rubens became her steward and her lover, and followed her to the little town of Siegen, in the domain of John of Nassau, brother of William. She had left her children and servants in the care of Rubens's wife. There in Siegen in 1571, upon a denunciation, John Rubens was thrown into prison, the princess acknowledging everything, with a hope of saving Rubens, who himself admitted his fault, writing to his wife in acknowledgment.

The wife forgave him, but the Nassaus were perplexed concerning public scandal and the taint upon the birth of the princess's child. Rubens's wife threatened to reveal the secret if her husband's life was taken, but promised to keep silence, with a hope of obtaining his release. Two years were passed in these trying circumstances, until Mary Pypelinx obtained that the prisoner should be released on bail, under conditions of secrecy and obscurity; and the family were allowed to remain in Siegen, where on June 28, 1577, a second child, Peter Paul Rubens, was born.

Later they were allowed to remove to Cologne, where Rubens and his wife struggled for a competency, made more difficult by the disgraceful exactions of the Nassau family, and the necessity of concealment. Even after the death of John Rubens, his wife maintained this concealment, to protect her children from future danger. Hence the tradition of Rubens's birth in Cologne, and the fact that neither of the two sons knew of this dangerous blot upon the name. Had he known it, Rubens, later, might have found it inconvenient when sent as envoy to Holland by the Governor of the Low Countries. Not only is this story necessary to explain the early life of the great master, but it is right to record it in honor of the mother of so great a man, whose success in life she prepared, and whose glory she ought to share.

The widow, with three surviving children, returned to Antwerp in 1587, to a city attempting to recover from disasters of most cruel wars. Both brothers, Philip and Peter Paul, were brought up in an atmosphere of study and learning, Peter Paul being distinguished at school beyond other boys, knowing French, Flemish, German, and Latin also, well enough to have kept them in practice during all his life. In Latin, necessary for learned correspondence, he may have been grounded at Cologne, traditionally under the Jesuits, the influence of whose humane teaching seems to have persisted during his entire life, and to have helped a nature singularly large and open to all influences.

When later we shall follow him as an artist, we shall recognize that, of all men who have expressed themselves in the art of painting, Rubens had the widest sympathy for the whole of life. In his own works is reflected the attempt of that age to unite divergencies, and to break down the lines which often separate the more spiritual demands from the natural enjoyment of nature and of art, and the common likings of man. The boy was at first trained for the study of law, the natural turn to a profession for energies which could not have the support of acquired capital. Belgium, however, was a place where art had flourished, and where the art of painting had a special birth. To it in old days had come the students of Italy, anxious to know the secret methods which gave splendor and permanency to the work of Flemish masters. Apart from the charms of religious feeling, of poetic expression, the art of Flanders had preserved, even in its poorer representatives, a tradition of practice in which still survived the solidity and splendor born far back, from practice in gold and metals and the glories of transparent glass. Notwithstanding devastations of war, and religious bigotry, the buildings of the past still contained those great and little masterpieces which make Belgium one of the richest of all countries in the art of painting.

The open, fresh nature of the boy, Peter Paul, must have felt this joy of the eye, as well as the analogous splendors of church worship and civic ceremonies in which the Netherlands delighted. A practical demand for workers in such things was then all ready, and the mother wisely allowed her son to follow the bent now beginning. There were masters preparing a new path—some of them too much impressed by the mistranslated meaning of Italian art; but among them a few already indicating the path which Rubens was to make—the broadest ever made in power of color and expression of life. Jordaens, whose work merges later into that of Rubens, was being prepared under the teaching of Van Noort. The influence of the latter upon Rubens as a pupil is obscure, uncertain all the more that there are doubts upon the authenticity of some of the teacher's paintings; and

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PORTRAIT OF RUBENS BY HIMSELF

Showing him at the age of over sixty years

IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

Van Veen, to whom Rubens went next, is rather a cold ground for such an exuberant plant as Rubens. But Van Veen was scholarly, must have taught well what he did teach, and Rubens was a lover of knowledge and an assimilator of everything useful. Van Veen gave him all he knew, as Philip Rubens tells us. We do not know exactly what Rubens did at the time. It is traditional that the works of master and pupil were often confused. But certainly the teacher's praise of Italy and its marvels must easily have persuaded the youth to try the country whose name stood for art itself. So that on May 9, 1600, he set out for Italy.

His stay was to last several years, and his in-

Permission of Franz Hanfstaengl

THE FAMILY OF SIR BALTHASAR GERBIER

WINDSOR CASTLE

fluence to shape an art which, notwithstanding his education, has always taken a shape just outside of Italian. A good fortune which was to follow him through life—if we can call good fortune the power of a happy use of circumstances—brought the young artist, on his arrival in Venice, to the acquaintance, and consequent patronage of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who desired a painter attached to his court. The very introduction of Rubens to the great lord may have been already the result of a certain fine manner and good-natured courtesy, which is one of the marks by which he is remembered. Perhaps his brief apprenticeship as a page to the Countess Van Lalaing, some years before, had made him more at ease with the manners of a court.

Permission of Franz Hanfstaengl

PORTRAIT OF HELENA FOURMENT

RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

The Duke of Mantua was a man of pleasure, an irregular patron; but perhaps all the more had Rubens opportunity to study the works of art which a residence in that part of Italy allowed. We know that he appreciated almost everything in the forms of art that he came across, and a residence in Rome allowed him still larger study. Profoundly interested in the remains of antiquity, he made continuous studies of whatever he could see, learning to understand them also from the point of view of the historian and antiquarian. Raphael and Michelangelo were copied by him, as one of the methods of the painters of the time. In Northern Italy he studied what was nearer to his feelings, the works of Correggio, those of Tintoretto and Veronese, and his favorite, Titian, in Venice. The paintings of Giulio Romano about him at Mantua influenced him and gave him confidence in his own powers of arrangement. Statues and bas-reliefs he everywhere sketched and copied, and the manner in which he has done this is a shorthand explanation of the method of his study. Occasionally he has copied, but very rarely as our scholars do, from the cast. Usually his is a way of comprehending the image before him, and making it over again in more living form. The marble or statue passes in his drawing into what it is meant to represent—the living surface of flesh, the expression of the eye or lip. Of himself he practised the manner of study which he described years afterwards in the little essay on the imitation of statues, which we know in its Latin text and its French translation by De Piles. "There are," he says, "painters for whom such imitation is very useful; others for whom it is so dangerous that it may almost annihilate art

in them. In my opinion, in order to reach supreme perfection, 'tis necessary not only to become familiar with the statues, but to be steeped in their innermost meaning. Yet such knowledge must be used with prudence, *and with entire detachment from the work;* for many unskilled artists, and even some of talent, do not distinguish *matter from form*, nor the *figure* from the *substance* which *ruled the sculptor's work.*" Therein Rubens has taught as wisely as is possible; but only for those who can understand. Therein, also, he has told us his entire story. Fond of introducing actual copies from nature, and making of the use of portraits in imaginary subjects the apparent web of his work, his realism, that is to say his copy of the thing before him, is only used to add to the illusion; to make one trust the reality of the entire work, because of the evidence of certain parts.

During these times of study and of copying pictures for presents by his patron, he also painted from orders; mostly for church decorations, in which he tried to compose and imagine upon the lines of what became his further development. A few portraits, also, were part of his duty. In the various uses made of an attendant upon princes, he was sent by the Duke of Mantua to accompany certain presents made to the King of Spain and to persons of importance at that court. Italy hung on its relations with the Spaniard; and the smaller princes had greater neighbors whose movements they had to foresee and propitiate. Of this modest form of embassy Rubens acquitted himself well, painting pictures for Spain, as well as delivering those intrusted to him. In the detailed record of his trip we recognize already a man anxious to meet the good graces of those whom he has to serve, but maintaining a dignified reticence and modesty, as a manner of protection in an inferior position. When later he returns to Spain as a trusted envoy from the aunt of the king he will have learned the habits and manners of the court.

On his coming back to Italy, Rubens hesitated at leaving the uncertain service of the Duke of Mantua, but the illness of his mother determined his return, October 28, 1608, too late, however, to find her alive.

We have a record, however inexact, of the grief felt by him at her loss. Fond of life and of enjoyment, Rubens showed, in all his relations with those whom he loved, a sensitiveness not dissimilar to his delight in happiness, concerning which obedience to natural feeling he has written some touching words—words which carry in the formal language of that day the repetition of what I first assumed—that union of Christian sentiment with the philosophic consideration of life spread out for him in the teachings of the pagan thinkers he was fond of. "I have no intentions of ever attaining an impassive stoicism. In my opinion no man can be wholly unmoved by the different impressions that events produce in him, or preserve an equal indifference towards all worldly matters. I believe, on the contrary, that it is right on certain occasions to blame such indifference rather than praise it, and that the feelings which rise spontaneously in our hearts should not be condemned."

Rubens returned to a more fortunate home—an artist not unknown, a man accustomed to life of many degrees, to the habits of courts, their dangers, and to the good will or indifference of patrons. He was now thirty-two years old, handsome and stately, as we know by his portraits and by universal testimony. He had developed by practice and study his natural artistic inclinations and the teachings of his first masters. He had had much practice: painting now for study, now to please patrons, now to accomplish some work that embodied the result of his acquired knowledge. The continuance of copying which he followed, according to the custom of the time, gave him not only insight into the meanings of other minds, and their manners of expression, but also that joining of habits of mind and hand which make a secondary nature, acting for us almost mechanically. The habit of following by mind and hand beautiful proportions, beautiful lines, beautiful combinations, makes them a part of oneself, which works alongside of the more distinct intentions of the will. The reminiscences which fill the works of the greater artists are thus not copies or imitations, but the almost involuntary record of previous admiration and study. Perhaps in no one has this assimilation been greater than in Rubens. His execution is a shorthand expression of the many records in his mind. The swift and easy touch, the brief indication, the large passages of paint flowing as easily as speech are the brief statement of enormous absorption of nature and of art. In that way the mechanical execution of work has not the appearance with him of a patient, protracted attention, which may tire both the maker and the looker-on: it shows a delight in summing up what he has wished to say which is both enthusiastic and poetic. The surfaces which he has painted are in themselves beautiful expressions of the mind; sufficient, when other materials of his work are coarse, or vulgar, or commonplace, to cover them with a glorified diction of color that re-

From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL

calls the triumphs of the execution of music. This extraordinary power over his materials Rubens was about to display suddenly to his country and the world within a couple of years after his return.

He had come at once into the good graces of the rulers of the Netherlands, the Archduke and Archduchess, Albert and Isabella, who, prepared by strong recommendations, gave him an official position that brought him standing, and privileges, and some little income. He had made money in Italy and Spain, and had begun the remarkable collection of works of art which was a means of culture, of ac-

quaintance with men of learning and collectors, and later still a fortune. He had work at once to do in the usual way of court painters, with portraits, and with paintings for churches, according to the habit of the time, and especially the habits of his country. Paintings were, if not a necessity, at least one of the usual manners of marking public events or special happenings; and they were placed in churches, which made their appeal to all more lofty and more natural.

Thus, then, for the Corporation of the Church of St. Walburga, and for the Guild of the Arquebusiers of Antwerp, he painted, between 1610 and 1612, the great paintings of the "Raising of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross." The latter is the more famous picture—perhaps one of the few best-known paintings in the world. In it Rubens fixed the type of the subject, absorbing in his work the impressions received from earlier masters; so that, whatever the merits of others, however touching, however beautiful, however great, one feels in his extraordinary achievement a result which can never be dispensed with. The reminiscence of the big painting placed with almost no separation on the high, cold wall is that of a large, dark space, almost black, down which slips a column of white—the sheet that carries the body of the Christ into the arms of loving friends. All their grief is contained: they are attending to those last physical duties we pay to the departed; and in the dramatic expression of their feeling this exact balance is most beautifully and truthfully observed. The fear of a fall that would shock the sense of reverence to the dead animates all the figures, each one in a different degree. Thus, according to the part they play in the simplest of all dramas, the care for our dead, even the workmen who detach the body have in their business just the proportionate sympathy. It is this feeling of contained emotion, difficult and rare in the work of a man of exuberant feelings, that distinguishes this painting of Rubens, unless we should except that other last scene, the "Death Communion of St. Francis," where again one feels the contained struggle against outward emotion that fills the attendants who help the dying saint in a last homage to his Redeemer. "The Descent from the Cross" is, then, a wise and balanced work, composed of marvelous adjustments of planes and lines, so that each motion, each fold, even the outbalanced foot of the man at the arms of the cross, who has just let slip from his shoulder the body of the Christ, helps to form a pattern as ingeniously combined as that of any ornamentation or brocade, meant merely for the soothing of the eye. But none of these subtleties is insisted upon to the detriment of the dramatic story, and, as in most of Rubens's paintings, we are unaware of the subtlety and combinations of lines and surfaces which make the artistic structure of what seems to us a mere rendering of nature, or the sweep of exuberant and poetic passion. For Rubens is really calm when he executes: he is like the conductor of a great orchestra-

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PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

THE ROYAL PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

tion, who directs the expression of stormy or gentle emotion according to a scheme, carefully devised and elaborated by a mind that reduces all necessities to a single effect.

The deep religious feeling animating the great painting is not that of a mystical or of a self-inquiring or sentimental mind; it is that of the Rubens we know in all the diversity of his likings, but here contained in manly obedience to the simple probabilities of such a scene, and in their expression is a single type. Hence the great standing of the painting and the permanence of its fame. It is built to last forever.

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PORTRAIT OF RUBENS AND HIS FIRST WIFE, ISABELLA BRANT

THE ROYAL PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

"The Raising of the Cross," painted also, with many other works, during these four glorious years, is more the real Rubens letting himself flow into the dramatic situation and using the contrast of the actual, brutal, cruel splendor of nature, whose glories are the same during any tragedy, opposed to the call of the spirit above the beastly world of blind force. The face of the Christ, triumphant, almost joyful, floats above the sorrow and the cruelty below him. Several times Rubens has opposed, but never so simply, the inner tragedy to the dramatic pomp of outside circumstances. Many years afterwards something of the kind is visible in the Christ bearing the cross on the way to Calvary. We are so much accustomed to a more arbitrary and intentional presentation that we cannot always sympathize with the largeness of view belonging to this simple, exuberant nature of Rubens; all the more, that we associate with whatever we see of him the memories of many other works in which the joy of life is spread on canvases with color and moving line.

The two great paintings of "The Descent" and "The Raising of the Cross" were painted during the first happy years of his marriage with Isabella Brant, which was celebrated October 3, 1609. Everything smiled upon Rubens —family affection, good will, and as much work as it has ever been possible for a painter to accomplish. The portrait of himself and wife is a beautiful memento of young success. We see the strong body of a gay, contented cavalier, on whose wrist rests, in the fashion of the day, the arm of the young wife, dressed in her best and with a contented and intelligent smile that tells a story of successful life. The hand of Rubens lies upon his sword, which is the central line of the composition—a confidence in the future of the battle of life, even in this detail of costume.

This man was now to become the head of a national school, and to fix for Flanders, and later for the entire world, certain methods of the art of painting, methods not entirely his own, methods belonging to his immediate predecessors, refined and cultivated by the influence of Italy, but based upon extreme good sense and practical possibilities. The master found pupils and assistants to carry out his many orders, and so distributed their efforts that all their work passes into his as the performers' parts in a great piece of music. A master workman himself, and of a kindly and generous nature, he remained in touch with all his workmen and assistants, as at other moments he was a scholar with scholars, and a gentleman of rank with gentlemen.

To carry out the commissions which came upon him with the increasing prosperity of the country, and the circumstances that made painting a necessity of trade, he formulated a method of life, observed with accuracy. He rose early, devoted some time to religious observance, worked steadily or directed his pupils and assistants during the day, rode some gallant horse in the afternoon, and spent the evening in learned and profitable converse or correspondence. The gay and joyful Rubens of the paintings had a serious side of desire for improvement of the mind. Even when at work he had profitable books read to him. He left little to chance, and his motto, "Day and night to think of it," explains the promptitude and decision of his artistic execution. But he was specially gifted with power of expressing his emotions by the touch and sweep of his hand. In that he remains a marvel. Without this special gift even his extreme order and sobriety of life would not have allowed him to have to his account the tremendous number of pictures, which varies between 1,200 and 1,500, many of such dimensions as would justify years of work. Traditions or legends of his rapidity and facility are more or less exact, but they all mean the same thing. It is not necessary to believe that "The Kermesse" was done in a single day, but it must have flowed through his brush with a rapidity justifying the tradition. He had the supreme advantage of having a taste whose deficiencies met the ordinary taste of the day. In our own time we feel the redundancy and inflation of much of his work, especially in arrangement or ornament, and sometimes a similar defect in his compositions. But wherever that may be in his painting, there some balance of color and of light redeems the heaviness of form, incorrection of drawing, and confusion of attitudes. His drawing is a mighty one, understood in a greater way than that of a small accuracy. He is a master of planes and of distances, and his study of sculpture developed a sense too often lacking in what is called good drawing—that of the existence of the other side of things, which we do not see.

His years of orderly and abundant work, of acquired wealth, and enjoyment of the same in his collections, in the houses that he built, in the good will of all who came across him, were broken into by the death of Isabella Brant. With the death of his mother, and of his brother later, that is the one inevitable suffering apparent in his life. A few vexations later in his employment as ambassador, and regret at the continuance of wars, are the only other thorns.

No other women seem to have touched his life but Isabella and the other, Helena Fourment, whom he married a few years later, no longer a young man. He was then fifty-three years old, and the bride only sixteen, about of the age of his oldest son, whose picture, with those of his younger brothers, is at Dresden. In the wisdom of his career this seems to be the only risk that he ran. The result seems to have been a happy one. He had suffered from the death of Isabella, and felt the loneliness of a great home once adorned by a woman. For it is one of the marks of Rubens that the lives of these two women mingled absolutely with his. Always and everywhere in his paintings come the faces and the forms of Isabella or Helena. Even far back their types of beauty seem to have been divined by him, as with Leonardo the type of Mona Lisa existed in the mind before he saw her in the body. Even the Magdalen of the "Descent," so expressive of Rubens's love of woman, has the character of Helena, before he knew her.

A charming picture, known as "The Walk in the Garden," represents Rubens and Helena in the early period of their marriage. The artist's truthfulness shows him as he was then; and his maturity contrasts with the almost childish look of his bride. But though Rubens is slightly older, thinner, grayer, and bends in a way that indicates the slight fatigue of life, he is still a gallant, handsome cavalier; and in the picture full of spring flowers blooming, and all nature gay, he fits sufficiently well into this courtly expression of pleasant life.

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RUBENS'S TWO SONS

THE ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

Rubens had just returned from courts. His widowerhood was much filled with certain embassies, imposed upon him by his direct sovereign, the Archduchess Isabella, who relied upon his sincerity, upon his acquaintance with many people. Whatever we may think of the views which he held, or of his diplomatic career, he understood, and understood in a handsome way, the wishes of his masters, and carried them out faithfully. He was helped, of course, by his grand manner, by the charm of

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THE FARM AT LAEKEN

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

his conversation, and his culture, and perhaps all the more by that influence of good will which so wonderful an artist might inspire by his work. It was not a mere witty saying of his, when, in his English embassy, from which he came back knighted, he answered a courtier who had found him painting and inquired, "Does his Most Catholic Majesty's representative amuse himself with painting?" with this: "No; the artist sometimes amuses himself with diplomacy." He thereby kept his position without trenching on the privileges of the esoteric occupation. That was a danger and a difficulty. Once, indeed, we have a record of some great lord (the Duke of Arschoet) rebuking Rubens from the standpoint of certain assumed privileges of rank (which circumstance Rubens forgave by order). From the sovereigns themselves he met nothing but kindness, and even favor, though Philip of Spain had at first questioned his employment as envoy from Isabella, for the two reasons which separate the artist from the man of affairs. In the first place, the artist works with his hands, not by those of others; and, moreover, from the nature of his life, his fortune cannot be tied down, and, as Philip put it, "He can give no pledges."

There was a moment (in 1620) when Rubens's service as a political correspondent coincided with great pictorial work. That was when Maria de Medici, the queen mother, reconciled to her son, Louis XIII of France, proposed to adorn her palace, the Luxembourg, with great paintings, which might, according to the spirit of the time, record in a splendid way the events of her life. Rubens was recommended by the ambassador of Albert and Isabella to the queen mother, sister of that Duchess of Mantua whose husband had been the first patron and master of Rubens. During the several times that Rubens was in Paris, for the preparation or the fitting of the work, he came into relations with the political managers of the time; and later, when again the queen broke with her son and came to Belgium, he served her for a time as intermediary in the singularly complicated circumstances of quarrels which this brief account can only hint at. The great paintings planned and in part retouched by him, but executed by his pupils, still adorn the French capital.

They are magnificent examples of Rubens's eloquence of oratory, if one can use the words for the art of painting: splendid discourses on the history of the queen, in which allegory and fiction and reality combine to cover up facts in courtly statements. These splendid conceptions, important enough to fill the life of any ordinary painter, show in the analysis of their methods some of the main characters of his art, and how, like all great artists, he used difficulties as a means of success. With him the use of the portrait, the rendering of a person seen, is one of his manners of completing the story of his pictures, of introducing enough reality to make us accept easily the improbable parts of his theatrical arrangement. All was good that came into his net, and commonplace characters serve to increase the splendor of the tableau. All of these people, imaginary or real, live with a special life, and in a manner which is his. They are all animated, courageous, splendid, triumphant, and seen at a distance, as it were, in the function of which they are part. I said all, but occasionally some character, prominently necessary, as with Maria de Medici herself, steps out from the crowd; as in the theater the main performers attract our principal attention. In the meaning of these paintings, therefore, in their intention, in their right solution, Rubens was but using the methods of all his compositions.

In this habit of painting portraits Rubens could easily obtain the good graces of the courtiers or princes whom he had to meet. This was but an extension of his first training in the Court of Mantua. Later, when for really important business the Archduchess Isabella sends him to Spain, to inform the king more closely than by correspondence, Philip is painted and has paintings made for him, and is charmed by the character and manners of the accomplished artist. For Philip was a lover of art, and under his external woodenness a lover of all that was pleasant. Another lover of art, of different complexion in mind and morals, Charles I. of England, also felt the charm of Rubens as ambassador. He had been chosen by the prime minister, Olivares, to ascertain the intentions of England, then ready to treat with France, and was despatched as envoy, having been made secretary of the Privy Council of the Netherlands, on the 29th of April, 1629. He had already, of necessity, had relations with England, and had been introduced to the questions pending between the countries, nine years before, in Paris. There he gained the good will of the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, with whom he had important business concerning pictures and works of art; for the collections of Master Rubens of Antwerp numbered, besides antiques of every kind, Titians, Tintorettos, Veroneses, Raphaels, and, none the less, paintings by himself. This fortune he exchanged for money—a great sum in those days—ten thousand pounds sterling.

One would like to linger in the charming memory of this picturesque character, at a moment suffused with the light of the romance of history. Rubens of Antwerp became Sir Peter Paul Rubens in England; and however little he may have done under most adverse circumstances to forward that peace which was his one desire, he laid the foundation of English art. Most of the principles, many of the beautiful habits of painting represented by Rubens, have lived along in England. One needs but to think of Reynolds, of Gainsborough, of Lawrence. His disposition and treatment of the portrait found a fortunate soil.

But that higher disposition of the mind, that personal elevation, was not transmitted. The painter and the sculptor are more usually affected by life around them; they cannot retreat as easily as the poet, within the ivory tower of higher thought.

Rubens returned with honors, but weary of the life of courts. Once more he made a brief and ineffectual diplomatic excursion into Holland.

His second marriage turned out as fortunate as his first. He had wealth, position, beautiful children, hosts of friends, and now time to devote to that "sweetest art of painting" which was his business, his trade, and his refuge. As he withdrew from more active life he represented that outside life with greater joy. Enchanted views of the joy of life ("The Garden of Love," etc.), expressed in terms of mythology (the "Diana Returning from the Chase"); landscapes, whose half artificial combinations rival the more realistic pictures of later men; portraits, of course; great festal decorations, some great religious paintings, and even, and especially, a few most astounding representations of rural or boorish enjoyment, animated by a poetry that lifts them into the rank of ideals, filled these later years. Everywhere, on any sort of excuse, comes in the reminiscence of Helena. Even when she is not distinctly visible, some bloom of youth or happiness recalling her passes into the images of others. He has painted her in allusion, and he has also painted her, almost indiscreetly, as a portrait. One of the beautiful ones is that of himself, of her, and of their little girl.

His relations with learned men continued, and his kindly behavior with other artists, either those whom he employed or whom he

DIANA'S RETURN FROM THE HUNT

THE ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

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encouraged. He was surrounded by other masters whose help was an honor. The greatest of these, of course, is Van Dyck, ...explainable without him, whose creation is a part of Rubens's great glory.

The amount of his work must have produced some strain, resulting in illness unexpected in such a remarkable body. He bore the suffering of his infirmities with courage, and with continued devotion to his work. In this passage through illness to death, any more than in his most joyous moments, there is no sign of languor or of sadness. That is his mark. He has left a great, healthy, joyous place in the history of painting, a place and position so important that we can think of him alongside of Michelangelo himself. The intensity that marks either Michelangelo or Rembrandt is not his; but the story of his successful life accounts for this absence of shadow. And even his portrait indicates an eye that saw clearly, as if in a mirror, but which was not accustomed to penetrate below the splendid surfaces which he liked. The feeling, disengaged from his work, is difficult to trace to any part or any detail; it must reside in that imponderable element, the simple loftiness of the man's mind. That was recognized amply during his life, and he was seen almost as he is to-day. With him, in him, and in Van Dyck a year later, died the art of the Netherlands. It had been glorious, but national; he made it universal.

His end came rather suddenly, on the 30th of May, 1640. With his usual prudence and prevision, he had made all proper dispositions for his family by will. Nor was he otherwise unready; one of his last letters to the Flemish sculptor, Du Quesnoy, desires him to return "before his own eyes close forever."

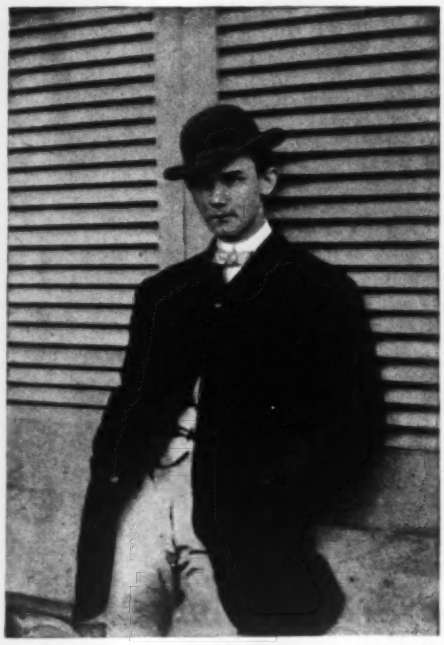
He lies in the family chapel of St. James, where in 1642 was placed the painting called "St. George," by a touching legend supposed to represent the types of himself, his father and mother, his two wives, and their children. It would be pleasant to believe the tradition of a work so beautiful, so triumphant; such a romance of portraits, and such a dream of happy, self-sufficient, and beautiful family life.

JOHN HAY

BY BROOKS ADAMS

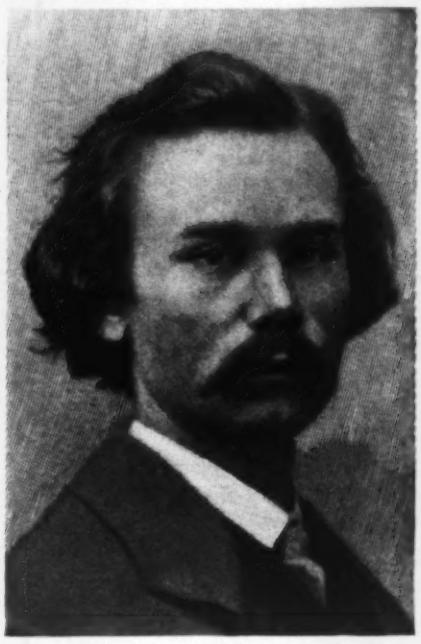
THREE hundred years ago men were more versatile than they are now, because among the contemporaries of Leonardo da Vinci the span of human life was longer, in proportion to the sum of human knowledge, than among our own. Furthermore, even with the most versatile of men, such as Leonardo himself, the intellectual qualities developed were usually of a kindred type; the sculptor might be an architect, or even an inventor or engineer, but the artist was seldom a man of business or a statesman. Indeed, so rare is the latter combination of attributes that, since the foundation of our Republic, perhaps only one American endowed with the poetic temperament has also won considerable distinction in practical politics. Nevertheless John Hay, as a Minister of Foreign Affairs, will always stand in the front rank of our statesmen. Ordinarily the poetic temperament is ill-adapted to worldly success, because the emotions distort the judgment; but with Mr. Hay the emotions have been a source of strength, for while endowed with shrewdness, caution, and flexibility, enthusiasm has given him a capacity for disinterested unselfishness which has made him throughout life the confidential friend of a succession of party leaders. Now that John Hay has reached his grand climacteric, Theodore Roosevelt probably feels the same absolute reliance on the devotion of his Secretary of State that Abraham Lincoln felt on that of the boy whom he brought up from Illinois to be his private secretary.

John Hay comes of a family of Scotch descent, which settled in Virginia in 1750. In 1838, when Hay was born, his father was a physician in active employment in Salem, Indiana, and there the child received the rudiments of his education in the public schools. From the outset his tastes were literary, and this tendency was encouraged by his father, who sent him to Brown University, where he was graduated in 1858, being elected poet by his classmates. He seemed specially designed for journalism, but already the young man manifested the workings of the dual nature within him, for from the outset he eschewed literature, in which success would



1861

ASST. SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN



1867

ASST. SECRETARY OF LEGATION AT PARIS

JOHN HAY

have been relatively certain and easy, and choosing the career of action set out for Springfield to learn the law.

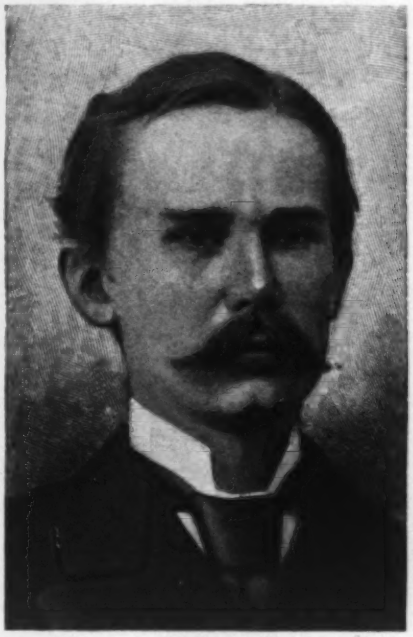
Milton Hay, John's uncle, though younger than Abraham Lincoln, had been a student with him, and in 1858 the offices of Lincoln and Logan and Hay adjoined each other. Logan and Hay were in full practice, but Lincoln was too absorbed in politics to care for clients, and so it happened that Lincoln had many idle hours on his hands, which he spent in the rooms of Logan and Hay. As the heads of the firm were often occupied, Lincoln talked with the student, and soon learned to know him and to love him. On his side John venerated the future President. When the Republicans nominated Lincoln in 1860, John threw himself into the campaign with all the ardor of his nature, both as a writer and speaker, and in 1861 Lincoln took John with him to Washington as his assistant secretary.

Perhaps in all American public life nothing is more charming than the story of the relations which existed between these two men, the one in the bloom of youth, the other hastening toward his tragic end. Lincoln treated Hay with the affection of a father, only with more than a father's freedom. If he waked at night he roused Hay, and they read together; in summer they rode in the afternoons, and dined in the evenings at the Soldiers' Home. In public matters the older man reposed in the younger unlimited confidence.

During the war the President frequently did not care to trust to letters. Then he would give Hay a verbal message and send him to generals in command; and, in all his service, Hay never forgot, and never committed an indiscretion. More noteworthy still, he never failed to obtain credence from those to whom he was sent, although he carried no credentials. Finally, on Stanton's suggestion, Lincoln appointed Hay an assistant adjutant-general, and Hay actually served for some time in the field.

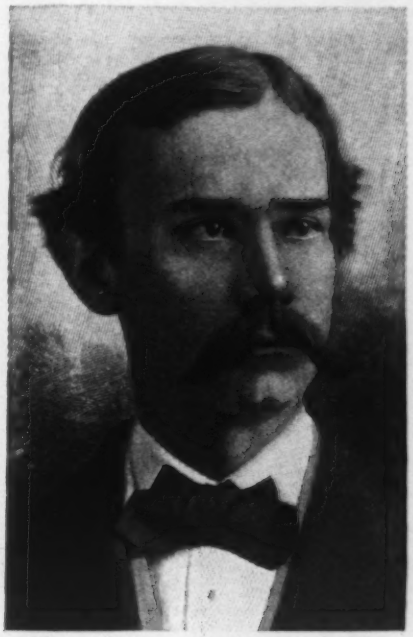
Sometimes the President used his secretary on civil missions of a very delicate character, and once young Hay became involved in a misunderstanding which afterwards might have cost him dear.

Horace Greeley, though a gifted editor, was a poor politician, yet he craved political



1869

SECRETARY OF LEGATION AT MADRID



1871

AN EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE"

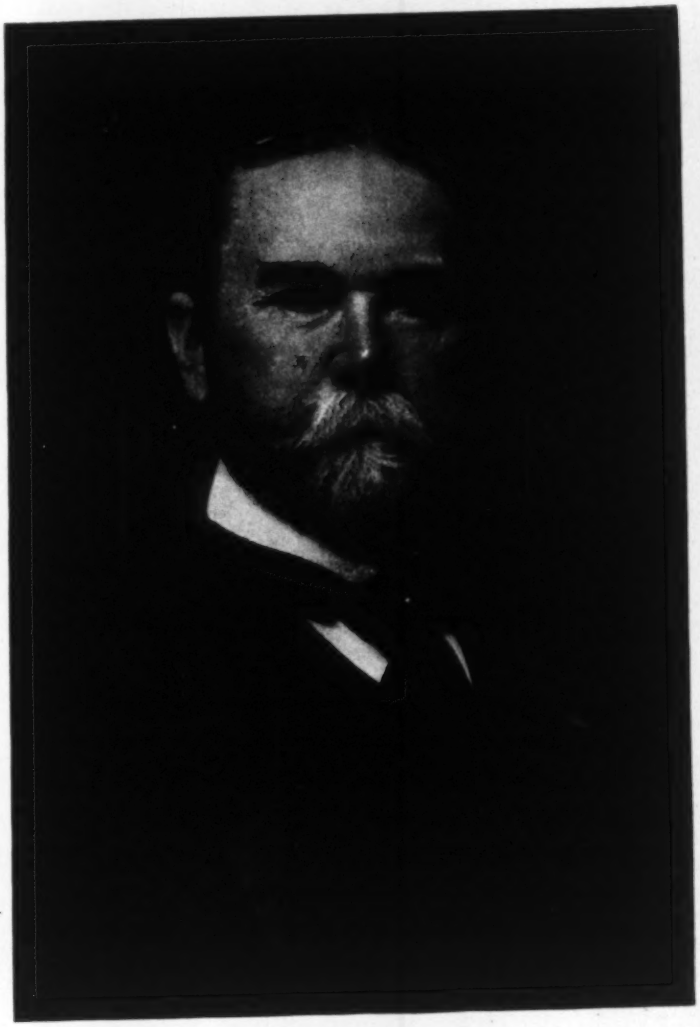
JOHN HAY

distinction, and never could be easy in private life. In the summer of 1864 his mind seems to have been shaken by the horror of the war, for he demanded peace upon almost any terms. Finally he decided that he could negotiate with certain Southern emissaries in Canada, and worried Lincoln into appointing him as a species of envoy. Mr. Lincoln comprehended Greeley's error, but he concluded that to refuse would be more dangerous than to yield, so he contented himself with sending young Hay with Greeley to Niagara, where the interviews were to take place. At Niagara the futility of the undertaking became apparent, and the editor returned to New York, but he never forgot his chagrin, and long years elapsed before he forgave Hay for having involuntarily participated in his discomfiture.

Greeley's mission to Niagara occurred in July, 1864, and the following spring Lincoln was assassinated; but even before the murder young Hay had entered upon a new employment. As secretary, Hay had seen much of Mr. Seward, had won the old man's regard, and had become as intimate with him as was compatible with the difference in their ages. Like almost every one else with whom Mr. Hay has worked, Mr. Seward not only found him useful as an instrument, but learned to respect his character. Afterwards, when Mr. Hay was Secretary of Legation in Paris, and Mr. Bigelow was minister, Mr. Seward wrote in reply to some commendation of his late appointment, "I am glad you are pleased with Mr. Hay. He is a noble as well as a gifted young man, perfectly true and manly."

Feeling thus, Mr. Seward was very glad to do young Hay a kindness, and accordingly, one day between the end of the war and the death of Lincoln, he sent for Hay, and asked him if he would not like to see something of the world, adding that a place in the Legation at Paris was vacant. The offer delighted Hay, and the Secretary of State at once sent the nomination to the President, to Mr. Lincoln's astonishment.

Hay remained in Paris two years, learned to speak French, besides something of diplomacy, and then resigning went home. Thereupon Mr. Seward nominated him as a minister to Sweden; but Johnson, who had become a Democrat, wanted the patronage for party



John Hay

purposes, whereupon Seward sent Hay to Vienna as *chargé d'affaires*.

In 1869 he was ordered to Spain, and although the change was technically a fall in the service, the young man had the sense to see that Spain might be turned to account by a man of observation.

Mr. Hay is innately a man of letters, and not a politician. He has always written easily and with enjoyment. His ideas flow without effort, and in the "Tribune" office his manuscript became famous as the cleanest which ever went out of the editorial rooms. Spain soon wrought powerfully on his imagination. The architecture, the paintings, the lurid history, the gloomy palaces, the bigotry, the ignorance, and the picturesqueness of the life excited his fancy. After finishing his day's work he wrote in the evenings, producing a series of articles subsequently published in the "Atlantic," and now known as "Castilian Days." Aside from its literary merit as a sketch of a charming land, this book depicts for us the author—the young man overflowing with the joy of life, the artist who uses the senses rather than the brain. Far from bearing the mark of the future statesman, "Castilian Days" is bohemian. And this dual nature makes Mr. Hay unique in our history. He could have won success in either of two antagonistic paths had one-half of his intellect been extinguished.

Moreover, "Castilian Days" illustrates Mr. Hay's facility. Being abroad he used thin paper to save postage, and he worked at night, rapidly, and without books of reference. The consequence was that his flimsy sheets precluded erasure, and his manuscript went to the printer as it stood. What we know as "Castilian Days" is only a rough draft.

In 1870 Mr. Hay resigned and sailed for New York, with the intention of practising law in Illinois; but his versatility has always deranged his plans. To himself his life appears a series of accidents, to his friends a marvel of adaptation. His fate on reaching home was typical of all that had gone before, and of all that followed.

Hay, when in Washington, had met Whitelaw Reid, then a war correspondent. In the years that had intervened Mr. Reid had risen fast, and in 1870 was managing editor of the "Tribune." When Hay landed, the two young men dined together at the Union League Club, and after dinner strolled down to the "Tribune" office. It chanced that night that the foreign editor was away, and Reid, looking over the telegrams, said to Hay, "Here is an important despatch; sit down and write a leader for to-morrow." Half in joke, Hay complied; the article proved good. Reid asked him to stay for a week, for a month, to be an editor; and so Mr. Hay entered journalism, and entered it under Horace Greeley, his old adversary.

The appointment was remarkable. A young man who had been absent for five years, and had no experience in journalism, was suddenly given a high place on a paper of the reputation of the "Tribune" without solicitation on his part, and when he was actually on his way elsewhere to enter another profession. More noteworthy still, Mr. Hay justified the selection. No one acquainted with Mr. Greeley's career can doubt that he understood his business. In this case he entertained a strong prejudice against his subordinate; yet Mr. Hay very soon conquered this prejudice by the quality of his work, and he and Mr. Greeley continued warm friends to the day of the latter's death. Were further proof needed of Mr. Hay's capacity in journalism, it is furnished by the fact that long afterward he was appointed editor-in-chief of the "Tribune," during the absence of Mr. Reid in Europe.

Mr. Hay remained on the "Tribune" for five years, and during that time advanced rapidly in public esteem. He was not only recognized as a brilliant writer, but he also gained a large and influential acquaintance. If a man may be judged by the company he keeps, Mr. Hay must be conceded to have always stood high among his contemporaries, for perhaps, in proportion to their number, his friends have been more notable than those of any other man of his generation. From 1860 downward he has known the flower of American statesmen, financiers, diplomatists, artists, lawyers, authors, and scientific men, numbering among the last class some of those who have been nearest and dearest to him.

In 1874 Mr. Hay married Miss Stone, the daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, and the following year moved to Ohio, where he engaged in business. Although not by temperament of the financial type, Mr. Hay showed his usual adaptability, and the interests intrusted to him flourished. At the same time he engaged in politics, and associated with Garfield, Hayes, McKinley, Hanna, and their like, the men who of late, possibly, more than the citizens of any other State, have molded the destinies of the Union. With Garfield his relations were peculiarly

intimate and affectionate, as will appear when I come to the story of Garfield's Presidency. Meanwhile, in 1876, Mr. Hayes was inaugurated, and chose Mr. Evarts for his Secretary of State. Mr. Evarts, though an able lawyer, had but a slender experience in public affairs, especially in diplomacy, and declined to take his official functions very seriously. For example, one day, being lectured by a colleague for the small number of questions which he brought before the Cabinet, he replied: "In my experience I have found very few matters which would not settle themselves if left alone *long enough.*" Consequently he needed a capable assistant, and after mature consideration he selected Frederick Seward. Mr. Seward held office for two years, then retired because of failing health, and Mr. Evarts had to look abroad to replace him. In this emergency he consulted Mr. Seward himself, and the two agreed that in the United States no man equaled John Hay. The difficulty lay in inducing him to accept. The proposition was made and declined, but Mr. Evarts persevered and wrote to Mr. Hay, urging that a duty of this magnitude should not be lightly rejected, and requesting an interview at the house of Mr. Reid. Of course when Mr. Hay yielded to the interview he yielded all, and he served in the State Department throughout Mr. Evarts' term. The election of Garfield followed.

President Garfield was something of an idealist. He chose his ministry not with a view to harmony, but to ability. "I have no pride of opinion," he said. "If my Cabinet can control me—let them do so." Before his inauguration he repeatedly consulted Mr. Hay, and finally explained to him his intentions. Mr. Garfield intimated that he felt the need of a confidential adviser, of some one who would be a second self, and who, with substantially the weight of a Cabinet minister, would be free from the preoccupations incident to his office. To this end he proposed to Mr. Hay to become his private secretary, and dwelt upon the importance and the confidential character of the post. This time, however, Mr. Hay resolutely declined. He saw plainly that the conception was impracticable, and that a private secretary who should give advice as to policy would hamper the Administration. Mr. Hay also enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Blaine, who wished to retain him as assistant; but Mr. Hay proved obdurate. He felt that the moment had come when he must dedicate himself to the redemption of the vow made in his youth, and write the life of Lincoln. He therefore withdrew from office, established himself in Washington, where he built the house he still occupies, and addressed himself to his task in collaboration with his old colleague John C. Nicolay.

The biography thus produced has been long before the public, and has taken its place in American literature. It therefore requires no criticism here, save in so far as it reflects the character of one of the authors. From this point of view it is suggestive.

Form touches the artist to the quick. He feels instinctively the form in which his thought should be clothed, and to ask him to do violence to that instinct is to ask of him the greatest of all sacrifices. Many artists have deliberately starved rather than yield this vital point. When Mr. Hay approached his *magnum opus*, he faced an alternative; he could proceed alone, in which case he would be free, or he could work with Mr. Nicolay and accordingly be limited. On the one hand, he would probably produce a shorter and more dramatic book, but he would deprive himself of material. On the other, he would do violence to himself, but he would make sure that nothing concerning Mr. Lincoln would be omitted.

Mr. Hay elected collaboration, and though we may regret the loss of unity and power in the scenes of the greatest tragedy of our history, no one can question the fidelity of the work, or doubt the unselfishness which dictated the choice. Wherefore, the strongest impression on reading the biography is admiration at the good temper and adaptability which alone made success possible.

While writing the life of Lincoln, Mr. Hay still kept the run of politics, and during these years he grew to be intimate with Mr. McKinley. The pair were, indeed, admirably suited to supplement each other, and Mr. Hay very early, with singular sagacity, selected him as the most probable future candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. Mr. McKinley, on his side, looked to Mr. Hay to supply his deficiencies. Mr. McKinley, though one of the most remarkable party managers whom America has produced, was distinctly a politician. He read little, and had small experience of foreign countries. On the other hand, he possessed in a supreme degree that first attribute of a ruler, an unerring instinct for the drift of opinion and the capacity to use others. Mr. Hay had read omnivorously, had thought much, had a large and

mixed acquaintance with all classes at home and abroad, artistic, literary, commercial, and political, and he could, therefore, furnish Mr. McKinley with precisely the quality of information of which he stood in need. The agreement made between the President and Mr. Hay, when the latter entered the Department of State, will explain the basis upon which these two men met better than a disquisition. They determined that Hay should have nothing to do with the offices, and should confine himself to diplomacy, McKinley allowing Mr. Hay much latitude in his specialty, but reserving to himself the management of the relations of the Administration with Congress, and, indeed, with the whole American public.

Such an understanding would have been impossible between a President and a Secretary of State looking to the succession. For example, when Mr. Blaine served as the head of the Cabinet, the antechamber in the State Department was as thronged as was the antechamber in the White House. Mr. Hay had no such aspirations. He never sought to manipulate political assemblies. His energies flowed in other directions. The path he has chosen has not, it is true, made him so conspicuous as might the legislative path; nevertheless an examination of recent events will not only explain why Mr. McKinley held so strongly to having him at his right hand in Washington, but will inspire the conviction that in the future Mr. Hay must rank high among our diplomatists.

Had Mr. McKinley supposed at his inauguration that Christendom stood poised upon the brink of a catastrophe, he would probably have braved all risks and organized his Cabinet to meet the emergency. Men are, however, not prophetic, and in 1896 no one imagined that the silver agitation in the United States was but the prelude to a radical change in the equilibrium of the world. Mr. McKinley, viewing the situation from the standpoint of the campaign against Bryan, judged himself able to cope with such issues as the currency and the tariff, and saw no reason for repudiating his political obligations. Our system of government is such that candidates for the Presidency must, in the ordinary course of promotion, incur obligations. Mr. McKinley incurred his, and by paying them weakened his administration. The effects of this policy were disastrous, and are still sensible enough; but it fortunately happened that the State Department was so very weak that a change became necessary almost forthwith. Mr. Sherman was succeeded by Mr. Day, who acted as Secretary during the war, when Mr. Hay was recalled from London on Mr. Day's nomination to the Bench.

Presumably, therefore, had Mr. McKinley been altogether a free agent when elected, he would have then made Mr. Hay his Secretary of State. Hampered as he was, he compromised by putting Mr. Hay at the head of our diplomatic corps abroad, reserving the State Department for the future. Perhaps, also, Mr. Hay may have preferred this arrangement. The life of the Secretary of State is laborious and wearing, and he is often brought into collision with the Senate; on the other hand, no public position is, in some respects, so agreeable as the Embassy at London. Of late the power and prestige of the United States have grown so great that no official stands on such a pinnacle in a foreign land, or receives such adulation as her representative in England. The Secretary of State enjoys little flattery, is always criticised and sometimes overruled. For a man approaching sixty, therefore, who has worked hard, and is inclined to repose, London may be as attractive as Washington, while the opportunities for usefulness may not be less.

The opportunity came to Mr. Hay. In spite of protestations to the contrary since our victory, the world knows well that, after the destruction of the "Maine," continental Europe became rancorous against the United States, and English smart society frankly unfriendly. The hostility showed itself in attempts to form a coalition for intervention, and these attempts might have resulted seriously had they not been checked. From first to last, however, the British Government remained well disposed, and Mr. Hay had succeeded in establishing confidential relations with various members of the Cabinet. He knew he could rely on assurances given him, even where the assurances were not strictly official, and he acted accordingly. He not only allayed Mr. McKinley's anxiety, and fortified the resolution of the Administration, he even succeeded in placing the President in a position where he could, at his pleasure, frustrate concerted action. The diplomatic achievement is too obvious to need comment; nor is it surprising, since it is precisely at such moments that personal character makes itself felt, and Mr. Hay's success not only in diplomacy, but throughout life, has largely come from that ability to deal with others which gives men weight in council. The same ability

used upon a broader field has enabled him to maintain cordial relations with the representatives of many nations in Washington, although at times, within the last two years, the United States has been constrained to oppose the wishes of all Europe.

In September, 1898, Mr. Hay entered the State Department, and soon after the catastrophe supervened which gave him such an opportunity as occurs but once in a generation.

As we look back we can readily trace the long sequence of cause and effect which led to the panic of 1893, the Spanish War, and the Chinese insurrection. We can see how, a generation ago, America ran into debt to build her railroads, and how the rejection of her silver in 1873 curtailed her resources; we can follow the fall of prices which decreased her available means, while it rendered English farming land unprofitable, and forced the English aristocratic classes to realize upon their investments in the United States, thus adding to the burden of America's debt, while accentuating the demand for payment. We can now note calmly how, as prices yielded, the market was swept clear of bills of exchange, and as the liquidation gathered headway gold flowed eastward until the reserves of specie began to fail. In the West Indies the depression in sugar desolated the islands, and the misery which followed caused the brigandage in Cuba which we called the insurrection, and which finally culminated in the destruction of the "Maine" and the Spanish War. Lastly, we may do well to ponder on that marvelous social readjustment which produced the administrative mechanism called the trust, by means of which we succeeded in 1897 in underselling Europe in steel, and in reversing the current of exchanges.

The American supremacy in steel dates from March, 1897, the month in which McKinley was first inaugurated; and forthwith the whole world became conscious of an impending industrial revolution. Germany and Russia were the communities most immediately concerned, and there is reason to believe that the governments of both Germany and Russia almost immediately addressed themselves to devising methods of protection. The industrial weakness of continental Europe lies in poverty of minerals, and the readiest method of supplying this deficiency is by territorial expansion, supposing such expansion to be possible. The richest deposits of coal and iron now available lie in northern China, convenient to the coast. The provinces of Shansi and Honan are not more extensive than Manchuria. They are not unwholesome or, probably, costly, to open up with railways. Labor is cheap and of good quality, provided it can be controlled and disciplined. If Europe can effect a partition of China, securing these provinces for development; if she can succeed in organizing them on an American basis, and in thoroughly policing them, nothing promises to hinder her from perfecting a plant which will undersell all rivals. Accordingly Russia and Germany, acting in apparent concert, some years ago began aggressions against China which ended in provoking armed resistance.

The measures used toward the Chinese were harsh, and precipitated a premature catastrophe. On June 20, 1900, Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was murdered in the streets of Pekin, and the same day the legations were attacked. War seemed inevitable, the dismemberment of China almost certain, and in that event an effort at European industrial development in the far East loomed up as an experiment to be tried in the immediate future. No time need be wasted in expatiating on the menace to American prosperity involved in the success of such an enterprise.

Since June, 1900, these facts have been recapitulated until they are trite, but then they were absolutely new both here and in Europe. The proof is that the only minister of foreign affairs in the whole world who grasped the situation was John Hay. Once an axiom has been stated, most people feel that so simple a truth is obvious, and that they could have done as much. In reality the perception of these obvious truths is genius, and the conception and execution of a completely new policy under untried conditions involve the highest intellectual attributes.

Great men act by intuition. He who stops to reason out his conclusions may answer very well as a philosopher, but is too slow for a man of action. When the legations were attacked, an immediate decision had to be made, and that decision once made was final. In the crisis of his life Mr. Hay was ready, and on his promptitude and efficiency at that moment must rest his highest claim to statesmanship, just as Sheridan's most famous exploit will always remain his ride from Winchester.

If war were declared against China, nothing could prevent the Americans from sooner or later losing control of the situation, and

the Europeans acquiring it. Consequently, at any cost, nominal peace had to be maintained, and Pekin occupied before Field Marshal von Waldersee could arrive. Mr. Hay reached his conclusions almost instantaneously; without hesitation he laid his plans before the President. With equal promptitude Mr. McKinley accepted the advice of his minister, and from that day to the triumphant conclusion of the Chinese imbroglio, Mr. McKinley gave Mr. Hay his entire confidence and support.

Mr. Hay's plan was so simple as to bewilder his European colleagues, who could never persuade themselves that he was acting in good faith. They were convinced that the United States had some ulterior motive; whereas the only object of the United States was to get her rivals out of China, and keep them out.

Under such conditions Mr. Hay issued the celebrated Circular Note of July 3, 1900, in which he laid down the principle that the disorders in China had produced a condition "of virtual anarchy, whereby power and responsibility were practically devolved upon the local provincial authorities." These local viceroys Mr. Hay declared himself ready to assist in restoring order, and so long as these provincial governors did not rebel, he maintained that the United States, and, indeed, all the world, must remain at peace with China. Meanwhile, by way of coöperation with the viceroys, Mr. Hay advised the President to land an army on the coast and march to Pekin while yet he could be master.

Now that the danger is passed we can hardly appreciate the responsibility which the American Government then assumed. A British admiral who had attempted to advance had been repulsed. The European governments were paralyzed. Most of the officers on the spot, except the Japanese, judged that a very large force would be needed to make victory tolerably sure, and in case of defeat the most serious consequences were certain. Mr. Hay never flinched; his first anxiety was to open communications with the legations in order to have public opinion behind him in the risk he had resolved to run. In this he succeeded. Then, as soon as General Chaffee took command, Mr. Hay advised an advance, though the Americans marched alone. Mr. McKinley agreed, and the public knows the rest. The legations were relieved. Pekin was occupied, and the campaign ended precisely as our Cabinet could have wished. Afterward it only remained to dissolve the European concert, and facilitate an evacuation to achieve all that America desired.

The negotiations which ensued may be read in the printed documents. Here it is enough to say that Mr. Hay succeeded in detaching first one Power and then another from the coalition, until only the Germans and English remained, the English vacillating and helpless. In this predicament the Emperor found the cost of the expedition rolling up, the chance of collecting damages from the Chinese receding, the prospect of permanent occupation fading, and a financial panic raging in Berlin. The dream of industrial expansion vanished like Aladdin's palace, and Germany accepted the inevitable.

Mr. Hay has invariably yielded the immaterial to gain the material, and for the United States that which is most material in foreign affairs is the Monroe Doctrine. Of this doctrine Mr. Hay has been the foremost modern exponent; and yet, probably very few Americans realize how momentous his achievements have been.

Originally an appendage to Europe, America has steadily gained upon the Eastern Continent; first the United States, and then various colonies of France, Spain, Portugal, and Russia, having parted from their parent countries. The United States, leading in energy, absorbed many of these separating provinces, such as Florida and Louisiana, as they fell within the sphere of her influence; others, however, became independent, and these she determined should remain neutral as between her and Europe. Americans very early declared that they would not tolerate the establishment of European administrations in the Western Hemisphere, where they might endanger her supremacy.

This principle, asserted three-quarters of a century ago by Mr. Monroe, has never been explicitly accepted by Europe. On the contrary, foreigners long protested against it, and in 1850 Mr. Clayton committed the capital error of American diplomacy by acceding to the claim of Great Britain for joint control over any canal which might be cut through the Isthmus of Panama by the American Government. In spite of persistent efforts to the contrary, Great Britain always refused to abandon her right under this treaty, and affairs stood in this position at the outbreak of the Spanish War. That war changed the whole equilibrium of the world. The United States then became an Asiatic power. From the dawn of time commerce

has flowed from east to west. The question is whether it will continue to do so. To maintain it in this ancient channel Russia built the Siberian Railway, and all Europe, with Germany in the lead, in 1900 tried to partition China. America opposed the attempt. We can now measure the result. The Siberian Railway (as yet hardly more than a railway in name) is a failure as far as competitive freights are concerned, and, when tested, proved worthless as an instrument in war. Mainly for this reason partition broke down. Furthermore, America succeeded in maintaining the integrity of China. The effect of this success has been to split Europe into two hostile camps, leaving the United States the arbiter of the destiny of the East. No nation in recent times has held a more commanding position. The diplomacy of the world now centers in Washington.

To support her pretensions, however, America must have available energy commensurate with her mass, and to develop such energy she must have undisputed control over her base at home. Hence the necessity for abrogating the Clayton Treaty, a task which has been consummated by Mr. Hay.

Whither these great changes will lead no man can now prophesy; but if the United States is destined to maintain an economic supremacy, traffic must flow to her from both East and West, and should it do so, the whole political and economic structure of civilization must be altered. In any event, Mr. Hay's administration of the State Department marks the opening of a new era.

A statesman must be judged by his posterity, for they alone can estimate success or failure; but in looking over the long roll of American diplomatic achievements, there are few that can compare in scope or brilliancy with Mr. Hay's Chinese policy, and its necessary corollary, the abrogation of the Clayton Treaty. Like his magazine articles, the Chinese Circular sprang complete from his mind, and from the principles therein enunciated the United States has not swerved, and is unlikely to swerve in the future. Mark the indecision abroad and the resolution at home, and draw the logical inference.

The purpose of such a sketch as this is not to give the story of a life in detail, but to depict a man. My hope is that I have in some degree indicated Mr. Hay's services to his country; but the man himself cannot be known unless the spirit be appreciated in which these services have been rendered.

Few probably will doubt that Mr. Hay is versatile, adaptable, and able, but few, perhaps, comprehend that he is modest and unselfish. He has never failed in an emergency, but he has never asked for place; he has never been pushed as the representative of great interests, or by political parties; and furthermore, he has never struggled with a friend for an object of ambition.

When brought into such competition, he has aided his friend and effaced himself. As Mr. Harrison once remarked when Mr. Hay was pressed upon him for a foreign mission, "Hay is a good man, but there is no politics in his appointment." When Mr. McKinley chose him for his Secretary of State, it was not because of pressure; on the contrary, Mr. Hay shrank from the responsibility. Mr. McKinley turned to him because he believed him to be upright, capable, courageous, and devoted to him as his chief without thought of any private end; and thus it has always been since Mr. Hay left a law office in 1861.

Mr. Hay has risen because he has loved himself last. This statement can be tested by facts. At three different epochs of his life John Hay has been thrown into close relations with three of the most remarkable men of diverse types whom America has recently produced—Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, and Theodore Roosevelt. Not one of these three owed anything to him, or could look to personal advantage through his support, yet all judged him alike.

Abraham Lincoln found a boy in a lawyer's office in Springfield: he brought that boy to Washington, and confided in him absolutely. Horace Greeley, beginning with a prejudice, tried a young man on his newspaper, and not only came to prize him as the best workman on his staff, but learned to love him as a friend.

Theodore Roosevelt, suddenly called to the Presidency through the murder of his predecessor, found a man at the head of his Cabinet who had been chosen by another. The two had been acquainted, but they had differed in their views, and had had no close political affiliations. Yet Mr. Roosevelt had not been long in the White House before he grew anxious lest Mr. Hay should resign, for he soon perceived that he could hardly find another minister so competent, while he felt assured that as long as Mr. Hay remained he could rely upon the loyalty of his Secretary of State.

HIS FIRST SUICIDE

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Author of "Wall Street Stories"

THE General ceased sobbing. His mother was about to retire, and it was no longer necessary for his sorrow to be heard. From sobs he passed to whimpers and from whimpers to gasps.

He wiped his nose and sat down to think. It was very uncomfortable, trying to sit down after the unjust punishment, and it made his sense of injury all the keener.

Now, it was as clear as the clearest day in June that he could not possibly have been to blame. When his brother, the Doctor, had bored a hole in the brim of their grandfather's hat and had passed a string through it and had fastened it to the up-curled tail of the Little Lady's pug, the General was discussing with Peter the Gardener the guiltless subject of plums. And if the silly dog had run past them into the lawn where visitors had become horror-stricken at the sight, how could he be held responsible? Only a mother could trace the connection between plums and pug-dogs. But she had said, after her shocked friends left: "Yes, I know Willie is to blame, but you could have stopped him or told me about it. And anyway, I don't want you to bother Peter; and besides, I owed you one for breaking Uncle Jim's watch and putting it in Eileen's doll-cradle, as if she had broken it."

The raking up of ancient history was unworthy. So he told her darkly: "You'll be sorry!" It was all he could say. A man can't threaten his mother. He merely may hint at horribilities.

She retorted: "I *am* sorry. I'm very sorry indeed that I had to punish you. I feel it even more than you because it hurts me here—in the heart."

"You don't feel it in your heart when you sit down," he expostulated. "And when you lick me you always——"

"Go and take a bath," she said hastily; "you look like a tramp," for on the face of a fair boy of ten, tears and dust combining make a melancholy mud.

The General, muttering to himself, went into the house. He brooded over his wrongs and rubbed himself tenderly. As the tub filled, he thought and thought. One must respect and obey one's mother; her word was law and the policeman who enforced it was called papa. But mamma ought to be sorry, he thought, not merely *say* she's sorry, but actually *be* sorry; the sorrier the better.

The tub was full. He stopped the inflow of water, and sat on the edge carefully, gingerly, mindful of the geography of his aches.

Then, as he looked into the limpid water, he knew the only thing that would make his mother feel sorry—*Death!*

It was very simple. He would jump into the tub, submerge his head, and not rise again. He would surely drown.

Death was a mysterious thing; but drowning was easy and familiar. He remembered once in the company of his brother Willie, otherwise known as the Doctor, having seen a drowned mouse. It looked bedraggled, limp, wretched; also greatly swollen. Across his throbbing mind there fleeted a vision of himself—"drowned to death!" he called it; and swollen. He would not be a nice sight. He would, in fact, be a very un-nice sight—it almost disgusted him, for, when he closed his eyes, he seemed to see himself stark, bloated, with dank hair, grinning ghastly and showing his teeth, like all corpses. Shuddering, he moved away from the murderous water.

But, he reflected, the worse he looked the unhappier it would make his mother. Whereupon he again sat on the edge of the tub, which became, to all intents and purposes, the brink of a fascinating precipice.

Then, before his soul's sight, there was

enacted the entire tragedy of his first suicide.

First, he would jump into the Tubific Ocean, sink like lead, and never rise again. In addition, to make doubly sure, he would hold his breath until the end. He would then die.

His mother would wait and wait. The sun would creep along the sky and begin to slide down toward the earth behind the hill; and still nobody saw the General. His haunts knew him not; the Doctor missed him; so did Peter; Eileen asked after him. At length his mother would become alarmed and send people to search for him. They would look everywhere without avail, until one of the servants poked her head into the bath-room and shrieked as she beheld the dead body of the General afloat on the calm surface of the tub—drowned, mouse-like, bedraggled, wretched; a sight to melt the hardest flint of a heart.

Oblivious of the humidity, the servant would take the poor little corpse in her arms and rush to her mistress.

"Here's Master Jimmy, drowned dead!" he heard the servant exclaim in an accusing voice. Gently she placed the body on the floor, and began to sob. She had loved him, and now, dead, she pitied him. He, too, loved the servant. He wasn't quite sure which of the servants it was, but he loved her.

With a great shriek, full of anguish, but especially full of remorse, the distracted mother would drop beside him and fall to bewailing loudly. It was so heartrending that the General felt sorry he could not be there alive, and at the same time dead, in order to enjoy his triumph and to increase her agony by reminding her of his niceness and of her injustice.

His mother lamented in a voice torn to tatters with agony. He heard her say, "Oh, my son, my son! Is it possible that you are dead—so cold and wet and drowned? Oh, Jimmy, I know I made him drown himself, because I punished him to-day because he was out in the garden doing nothing but talking to Peter. Oh, I wish I had whipped myself first! He was such a good boy, and used to love me so much until I was so mean to him. He told me I'd be sorry; and oh, I am so sorry! I would do anything to make him alive; I would never, never punish him; he could do anything he pleased. To think of my poor little boy, only ten years old, going on eleven, drowning himself because I was so bad to him! Oh, Jimmy, come back to mother and be alive. My darling son, who was so good; and I was so mean! Jimmy, I'll do anything you say, I'll give you anything, if you'll only be alive again! But, no; it is too late, too late! He is dead. He is going to be buried away in the earth forever, just as he and Willie buried the dead canary that time—only this isn't playing! I'll never see him again, and he'll never see Willie again, nor play, nor eat nice things, nor anything, ever again! Poor Jimmy! Poor, poor Jimmy!"

The General was gulping painfully, and a big tear started down his moved cheek—he felt so sorry for himself. He was not the first who had wept over his own funeral. His lump of bitterness, saturated with his tears, grew soft and yielding. He began to think he might forgive his mother. Perhaps she——

He changed his position unwarily, and sat on one of his tenderest spots. Unjust bruise! He would be relentless. She'd suffer; she'd be sorry—so sorry!

With a great gasp, that was followed by the sudden stopping of his heart, he jumped into the dread ocean. He sank; he touched the enameled bottom. To insure his speedy demise he placed the palm of his left hand over his mouth, gag-like, while he held his nostrils tightly closed between thumb and forefinger. He would stay under water until death came—death that was to end his troubles and that was to make one unjust person so sorry.

Time passed, and he held his head under water. An hour went by; then a couple of years. Still he was submerged. At the end of the eighth century his head began to explode by degrees—he could hear his skull crackling with the sound of a dog chewing bones. His ears began to pain him. Somebody was pricking his limbs with brushes that had knitting-needles instead of bristles.

He must breathe or die!

He jumped to his feet splashingly; took a deep breath; then another; and a third. Then he thought of what he had vowed to do.

He must not breathe, but die!

Down again to the bottom of the tub, holding his breath grimly; determined to vanquish his stupid desire to breathe. He closed his eyes tightly, so that he should not see Death coming. He was pluckier; he staid two hundred centuries. One after another he repulsed the suggestions of his lungs, of his ears, of his head, to rise to the surface and take a breath—just one little breath, the last. There could be no harm in taking one breath before he died, argued his aching chest. One breath wouldn't save him; he felt as if a thousand breaths would not suffice to fill his lungs. But he fought back the suggestions, did the plucky General, who was giving up his life that his mother might be good in the future to Willie and Eileen, as she undoubtedly would be, having his awful warning ever before her. He

was sorry he had not told them of his great self-sacrifice. They might not appreciate it unless they knew what it meant to him.

He felt that he was fainting; in another minute he would be beyond earthly recall. But he welcomed Death. Wouldn't his mother feel——

He jumped to his feet and breathed deeply and quickly. He took a dozen inhalations before he thought again of his vow. Not he but it, had been drowned, chilled by the water. He became magnanimous; he forgave his mother; he would live: for, after all, his very existence would be a standing reproach to her. He finished his bath quickly but without bitterness. He felt exhilarated, happy, like one who had done a good deed. He would not die in the bright flower of his youth; he would not see himself stark, swollen, pallid. He and the Doctor would have many a lark together. There were innumerable good times in store for him, in despite of his mother!

He dressed himself hastily and was on his way to tell the Doctor all about it, when he met his mother.

"Why, child, you haven't half dried yourself. Come here." And, holding him securely with one hand, she began to mop his face in the undiscriminating and reckless way mothers have.

"You come mighty near being awful sorry," he said mysteriously, while she explored his ear with the towel.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" she asked, astonished.

"Ouch! Yes'm; something came near happening to-day, and you'd cried ever so much!"

He closed his eyes ecstatically, like an octogenarian telling of a youthful and long dead sweetheart. Then it struck him that the deed would have been very wicked. Slightly remorsefully, he opened his heart to her, and said, "You know, when you punished me and I wasn't doing anything wrong, I felt so bad that I made up my mind to drown myself——"

"Jimmy!"

"Yes'm; and so I filled up the bath-tub and threw myself in. And I thought if I was drowned dead you'd be so sorry you'd whipped me when I didn't deserve it, that you'd never whip Willie or Eileen, and, of course"—with irrepressible triumph—"you couldn't whip me because I'd be dead and buried."

She was very pale.

"Yes'm; and then I thought how sorry you'd be to see me all wet and white and stiff and all swelled up with the water I'd swallow while I was getting drowned, like a mouse Willie and I saw once—say, mamma, I'd look so awful on the floor of the nursery, drowned and dead, and there'd be a great big wet spot where they laid me down, that of course you'd feel terrible and you—you'd begin to cry and blame yourself——"

Her breath caught sharply.

"Yes'm; and so I thought I wouldn't make you feel so bad and so, after I was almost drowned I forgave you—and I didn't drown."

She took him in her arms and held him tightly, as if some one were trying to tear him from her by brute force. She was sorry, even if he wasn't drowned, which was delightful to the General. An irrepressible tear fell on his cheek, and he looked up instantly, to find her eyes very wet.

"Don't cry, mamma; don't cry. Say, mamma, you can give me a hundred whippings, if you want to," he said anxiously.

"Run away, Ji-Jimmie, and play with Willie. And, oh, my darling"—kissing him—"I'll never, never punish you again, nor Willie!"

He joined the nefarious Doctor in the garden and told him the great maternal promise. And the Doctor cross-questioned him, and made him tell the whole story from last to first.

"Anyhow," ended Jimmy exultantly, "I made her say she'd never whip me or you again."

"But why didn't you ask her for a pony and cart? The way she felt she'd given you anything, like the time I had pneumonia, when I got everything I asked for. And who cares for a licking, anyhow?"

"That's so," sorrowfully. "But, say, Willie, I'll go and ask her."

"No," said the experienced Doctor. "It's too late."

BILLY THE BUCK

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Author of "Red Saunders"

Illustrated by Will Crawford

"Jimmy-hit-the-bottle"

I FANCY I assume an impregnable position in saying that real poetry is truth, presented in its most vivid and concise form. If the statement stands, I request that every line of English verse containing the words "Timid deer," or referring in any way to a presumed gentle, trusting, philanthropic disposition in the beast, be at once revised or expurgated. I shall not except the works of William Shakespeare. When the melancholy Jaques speaks of one of these ferocious animals, saying, "The big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase," I believe Jaques lied; or, if he lied not, and the phenomenon occurred as reported, that the tears were tears of rage because the deer could not get at Jaques, and as an extension, if he had gotten at Jaques, he would have given said Jaques some cold facts to be contemplative about. After my experience, if I should see any misguided person making friendly advances to one of these horned demons, I should cry, "Whoa!" as Cassandra did to the wood horse of the Greeks, and probably with the same result. They would not falter until they had gathered bitter experience with their own hands.

Why? This is why. One day, when I was working on a Dakota ranch, the boss, a person by the name of Steve, urged me to take an axe, go forth, and chop a little wood, which I did.

The weather was ideal. A Dakota fall. Air vital with the mingled pleasant touch of frost and sun, like ice-cream in hot coffee, and still as silence itself. I had a good breakfast, was in excellent health and spirits; the boss could by no means approach within a mile unperceived, and everything pointed to a pleasant day. But, alas! as the Copper-lined Killelubird of the Rockies sings, "Man's hopes rise with the celerity and vigor of the hind leg of the mule, only to descend with the velocity of a stout gentleman on a banana peel."

On reaching the grove of cottonwoods, I sat down for a smoke and a speculative view of things in general, having learned at my then early age that philosophy is never of more value than when one should be doing something else.

I heard a noise behind me, a peculiar noise, between a snort and a violent bleat. Turning, I saw a buck deer, and, from the cord and bell around his neck, recognized him as one Billy, the property of Steve's eldest boy. He was spoken of as a pet.

This was the touch needed to complete my Arcadia; the injection of what, at the time, I considered to be poetry into the excellent prose of open air life. Who could see that graceful, pretty creature, and remain unmoved? Not I, at all events. I fancied myself as a knight of old in the royal forest, which gave a touch of the archaic to my speech. "Come here, thou sweet-eyed forest child!" I cried, and here he came! At an estimate I should say that he was four axe-handles, or about twelve feet high, as he up-ended himself, brandished his antlers, and jumped me. My axe was at a distance. I moved. I played knight to king's bishop's eighth, in this case represented by a fork of the nearest tree. A wise and subtle piece of strategy, as it resulted in a drawn game.

My friend stood erect for a while, making warlike passes with his front feet (which, by the way, are as formidable weapons as a man would care to have opposed to him); then, seeing that there was no sporting blood in me, he devoured my lunch and went away—a course I promptly imitated as far as I could; I departed.

Hitherto, I had both liked and admired Steve. His enormous strength, coupled with an unexpected agility and an agreeable way he had of treating you as if you were quite his own age, endeared him to me. When I poured out my troubles to him, however, rebuking him for allowing such a savage beast to be at large, he

caused my feelings to undergo a change. For, instead of sympathizing, he fell to uproarious laughter, slapped his leg, and swore that it was the best thing he'd ever heard of, and wished he'd been there to see it.

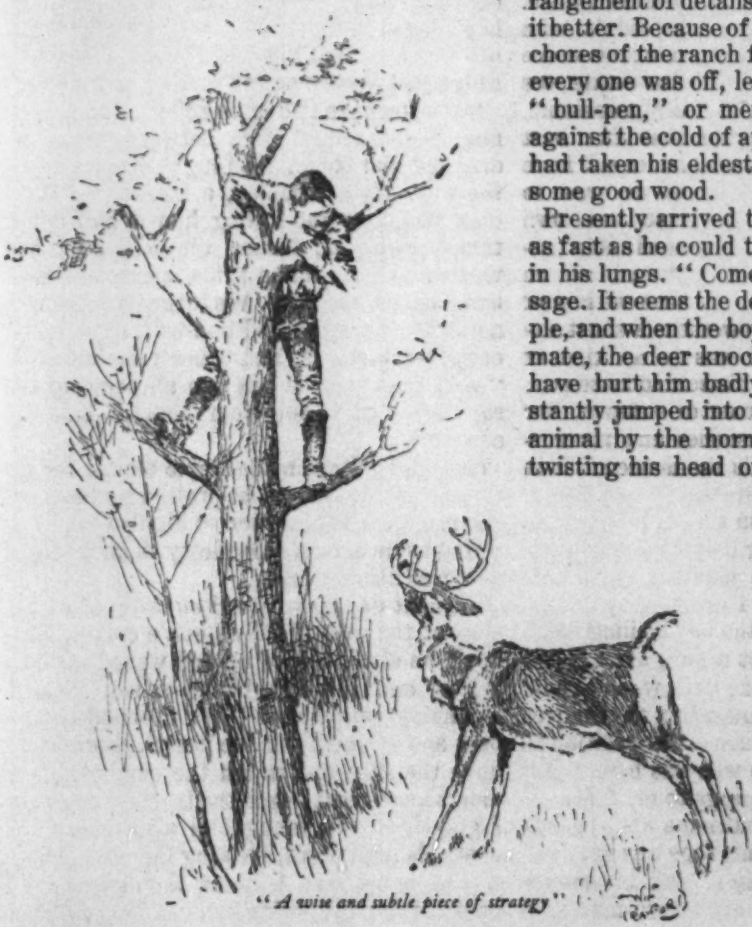
I concluded, judicially, that Steve had virtues, but that he was at the last merely a very big man of coarse fiber. Perhaps I *had* been a little boastful previously concerning my behavior under trying circumstances. If so, I was well paid out for it. That night I had the pleasure of listening to an account of my adventures, spiced with facetious novelties of Steve's invention, such as that my cries for help were audible to the house, and only the fact that he couldn't tell from which direction they came prevented Steve from rushing to my rescue, and that all the deer wanted was my lunch, anyhow. I wished I had kept the lunch episode to myself.

There are probably no worse teases on earth than the big boys who chase the cow on the Western prairies. They had "a horse on the kid," and the poor kid felt nightmare ridden indeed. If I were out with them, some one would assume an anxious look and carefully scout around a bunch of grass in the distance, explaining to the rest that there might be a deer concealed there, and one could not be too careful when there were wild beasts like that around. Then the giggling rascals would pass the suspected spot with infinite caution, perhaps breaking into a gallop, with frightened shrieks of "The deer! The deer!" while I tried to look as if I liked it, and strove manfully to keep the brine of mortification from rolling down my cheeks.

I didn't let my emotions take the form of words, because I had wit enough to know that I could not put a better barrier between myself and a real danger than those husky lads of the leather breeches and white hats. For all that, I had a yearning to see one of them encounter the deer at his worst. I did not wish any one hurt, and was so confident of their physical ability that I did not think any one would be; but I felt that such an incident would strengthen their understanding.

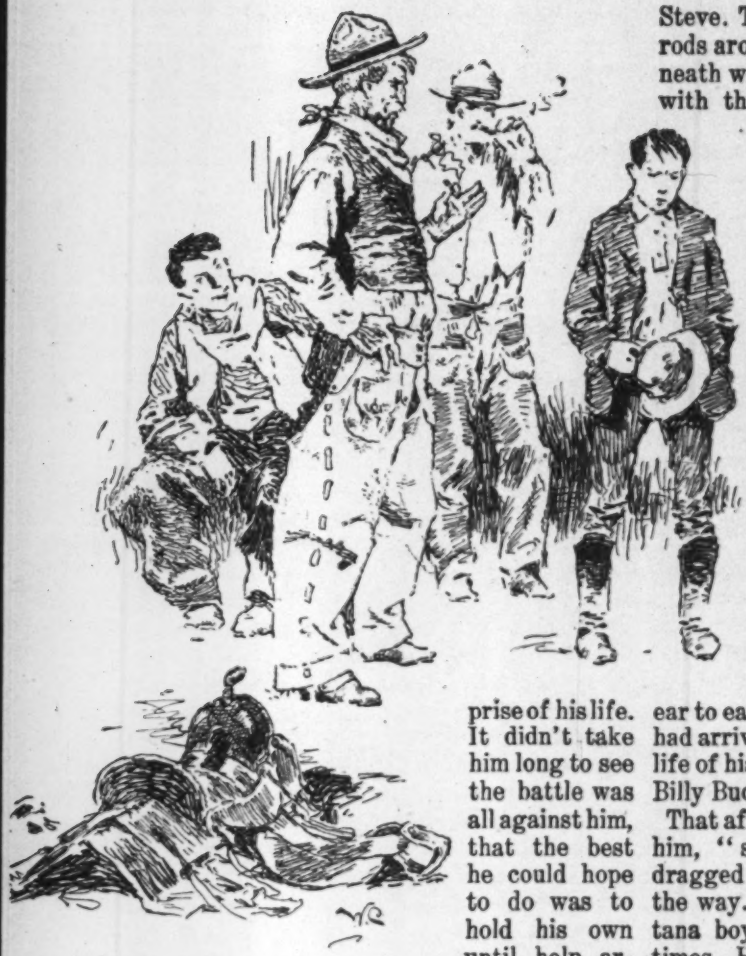
This thing came to pass, and, of all people, on my arch-enemy, Steve. If I had had the arrangement of details, I could not have planned it better. Because of my tender years, the light chores of the ranch fell to my share. One day every one was off, leaving me to chink up the "bull-pen," or men's quarters, with mud, against the cold of approaching winter. Steve had taken his eldest boy on a trip to pick out some good wood.

Presently arrived the boy, hatless, running as fast as he could tear, the breath whistling in his lungs. "Come *quick!*" was the message. It seems the deer had followed the couple, and when the boy fooled with his old playmate, the deer knocked him down and would have hurt him badly, but that his father instantly jumped into the fray and grabbed the animal by the horns, with the intention of twisting his head off. The head was fastened on more firmly than Steve supposed. The powerful man thought it would be an easy matter to throw his antagonist. What he did not at all take into account was that the buck was both larger and stronger than he. Though raised on a bottle, the deer had grown into a splendid specimen of its kind. He was by long odds the largest deer I ever saw.



"A wise and subtle piece of strategy"

Well, Steve got the sur-



"An account of my adventures"

prise of his life. It didn't take him long to see the battle was all against him, that the best he could hope to do was to hold his own until help arrived; so he sent the boy off hotfoot. Although his power for a short exertion was great, Steve was in no kind of training, having allowed himself to fatten up, and being an inordinate user of tobacco. Per contra, the deer felt freshened and invigorated by exertion. That is the deuce of it in struggling with an animal—*he* doesn't tire.

I knew that Steve was in sore trouble, or he never would have sent for help. The boy's evident distress denied the joke I might otherwise have suspected; so I grabbed up a rope and made for the grove, the boy trailing me. I should have waited to get a gun, but I didn't think of it. Those were the days when I could run; when it was an exhilaration to sail over the prairie. The importance of my position as rescuer—which any one who has been a boy will understand—lent springs to my feet.

It was well for Steve that mine were speedy legs. When I got there, his face was gray and mottled, like an old man's, and his mouth had a weak droop, very unlike devil-may-care Steve. The two had pawed up the ground for rods around in the fight; the deer's horns, beneath where the man gripped them, were wet with the blood of his torn palms. Steve's knees, arms, and head were trembling as if in an ague fit. He was all in—physically; but the inner man arose strong above defeat. "Here's—your—deer—Kid!" he gasped. "I—kept—him—for you!"

I yelled to him to hold hard for one second, took a running jump, and landed on Mr. Buck's flank with both feet. It was something of a shock. Over went deer, man, and boy. I was on my pins in a jiffy, snapped the noose over the deer's hind legs, tangled him up anyhow in the rest of the riata, and snubbed him to the nearest tree. Then Steve got up and walked away to where he could be ill with comfort. And he was good and sick.

When he felt better, he arose and opened his knife, swearing that he would slit that critter's throat from ear to ear; but Steve, junior, who before this had arrived on the scene, plead so hard for the life of his pet that Big Steve relented, and Mr. Billy Buck was saved for further mischief.

That afternoon two of us rode out and roped him, "spreading" him between us as we dragged him home. He fought every step of the way. My companion, a hot-headed Montana boy, was for killing him a half-dozen times. However, feeling that the deer had vindicated me, I had a pride in him, and kept him from a timely end. We turned him loose in a corral with a blooded bull-calf, some milch cows, work-steers, and other tame animals. "And I bet you he has 'em all chewing the rag inside of twenty-four hours," said my companion.

That night Steve made ample amend for his former mirth. Indeed, he praised my fleetness and promptness of action so highly that I was seized by an access of modesty as unexpected as it was disorganizing.

The next day Steve stood on the roof of the shed at the end of Billy Buck's corral. Suddenly he straightened up and waved his hat. "Deer and bull fight!" he called. "Come a-running everybody!" We dropped our labors and sprinted for the corral, there to sit upon the shed and watch the combat. Steve didn't know what began the trouble, but when I got there the young bull was facing the deer, his head down, blowing the dust in twin clouds before him, hooking the dirt over his back in regular fighting bull fashion, and anon

saying, "Bh-ur-ur-ooor!" in an adolescent basso-profondo, most ridiculously broken by streaks of soprano. When these shrill notes occurred the little bull rolled his eyes around, as much as to say "Who did that?" and we, swinging our legs on the shed roof, laughed gleefully and encouraged him to sail in.

His opponent watched this performance with a carriage of the head which, for supercilliousness, I never have seen equaled in man, woman, or beast. His war-cry was a tinny bleat: the cry of a soul bursting with sardonic merriment. It was like the Falstaffian laughter of the duck, without its ring of honesty.

The bull, having gone through the preliminaries of his code, cocked his tail straight in the air and charged. The buck waited until he was within three feet; then he shot sideways, and shot back again, his antlers beating with a drum-stick sound on the bull's ribs. "Baw-aw!" said the bull. Probably that hurt. Again bull faced buck. This time the bovine eye wore a look of troubled wonderment, while one could mark an evil grin beneath the twitching nose of his antagonist; and his bleat had changed to a tone which recalled the pointing finger and unwritable "H'nh-ha!" that greets misfortune in childhood. "I told you so!" it said. The bull, however, is an animal not easily discouraged. Once more he lowered his foolish head and braved forth like a locomotive.

But it would take too long to tell all the things Billy Buck did to that bull. He simply walked all over him and jabbed and raked and poked. Away went the bull, his erstwhile proudly erect tail slewed sideways, in token of struck colors—a sign of surrender disregarded by his enemy, who thought the giving of signals to cease fighting a prerogative of his office. Away went the old cows and the work-steers and the horses, in a thundering circuit of the corral, the horned stock bawling in terror, and Billy Buck "boosting" every one of them impartially. We cheered him.

"Gad! I'm glad I didn't slit his wind-pipe!" said Steve. "He's a corker!"

Billy drove his circus parade around about six times before his proud soul was satisfied. Then he took the center of the ring, and bellowed a chant of victory in a fuller voice than he had given before, while the other brutes, gathered by the fence, looked at him in stupefaction.

Only once more did Billy Buck figure in history before he left us for a larger field in town, and on this occasion, for the first and last time in his career, he got the worst of it.

A lone Injun came to the ranch—a very tall, grave man, clad in comic-picture clothes. A battered high hat surmounted his block of midnight hair, and a cutaway coat, built for a man much smaller around the chest, held his torso in bondage. As it was warm on the day he arrived, he had discarded his trousers—a breech-clout was plenty leg-gear, he thought. He bore a letter of recommendation from a white friend.

"'Here's — your — deer — Kid!' he gasped"

"Plenty good letter—*leela ouashtay ota*," said he, as he handed the missive over. I read it aloud for the benefit of the assembled ranch. It ran:

"This is Jimmy-hit-the-bottle, the worst specimen of a bad tribe. He will steal anything he can lift. If he knew there was such a thing as a cemetery, he'd walk fifty miles to rob it. Any citizen wishing to do his country a service will kindly hit him on the head with an axe.

"JACK FORSYTHE."

"Plenty good letter—*ota!*" cried the Injun, his face beaming with pride.

I coughed, and said it was indeed vigorous; Steve and the boys fled the scene. Now, we

knew that Jimmy was a good Injun, or he wouldn't have had any letter at all; that great, grave face, coupling the seriousness of childhood and of philosophy, simply offered an irresistible temptation to the writer of the letter. There was something pathetic in the way the gigantic savage folded up his treasure and replaced it in his coat. I think Forsythe would have weakened had he seen it. Still, after we laughed, we felt all the better disposed toward Jimmy, so I don't know but it was a good form of introduction after all. Jimmy was looking for work, a subject of research not general to the Injun, but by no means so rare as his detractors would make out. He got it. The job was to clean out Billy Buck's corral. Steve found employment for the hands close to home for the day, that no one should miss the result. It is always business first on the ranch, and a practical joke takes precedence over other labors. Steve hung around the corral, where he could peek through the chinks. Hoarse whispers inquiring "Anything up yet?" were for so long answered in the negative, that it seemed the day had been in vain. At last the welcome shout rang out, "Injun and deer fight! Everybody run!" We flew, breathless with anticipatory chuckles. We landed on top of the shed, to witness an inspiring scene—one long-legged, six-foot-and-a-half Injun, suitably attired in a plug hat, cutaway coat, breech-clout, and mocassins, grappling in mortal combat a large and very angry deer. The arena and the surrounding prairie were dreaming in a flood of mellow autumn light. It was a day on which the ruddy, lusty sun scarcely cast a shadow, yet everything sent back his rays clearly, softened and sweetened, like the answer of an echo. It was a day for great deeds, such as were enacted before us; steel-strung frame was pitted against steel-strung frame; bottomless endurance against its equal. And never were such jumpings, such prancings, such wild wavings of legs beheld by human eyes before. You cannot beat it into people's heads that the horned critters are the lords of brute creation; yet it is the fact. A bull chased a lion all around the ring in the arena in Mexico, finally killing him with one blow. In Italy they shut a buck deer and a tiger in a cage. There was a brief skirmish, and the tiger slunk to the corner of the cage, howling.

Splendid was the exhibition of strength and agility we looked upon, but, alas! its poetry was ripped up the back by the cutaway coat, the plug hat, and the unrelated effect of those long, bare red legs twinkling beneath.

Indirectly it was the plug hat that ended the battle. At first, if Jimmy-hit-the-bottle felt any emotion, whether joy, resentment, terror, or anything man can feel, his face did not show it. One of the strangest features of the show was that immaculately calm face suddenly appearing through the dust-clouds, unconscious of storm and stress. At last, however, a yank of the deer's head—Jimmy had him by the horns—caused the plug hat to snap off, and the next second the deer's sharp foot went through it. You will remember Achilles did not get excited until his helmet touched the dust. Well, from what the cold, pale light of fact shows of the size and prowess of those ancient swaggerers, Jimmy-hit-the-bottle could have picked Achilles up by his vulnerable heel and bumped his brains out against a tree, and this without strain; so when the pride of his life, his precious plug hat, was thus maltreated, his rage was vast in proportion. His eyes shot streaks of black lightning; he twisted the deer's head sideways, and with a leap landed on his back. Once there, he seized an ear between his strong teeth and shut down. We rose to our feet and yelled. It was wonderful, but chaotic. I would defy a moving-picture camera to resolve that tornado into its elements of deer and Injun. We were conscious of curious illusions, such as a deer with a dozen heads growing out of all parts of a body as spherical as this, our earth; and an Injun with legs that vetoed all laws of gravitation and anatomy.

Poor Billy Buck! He outdid the wildest of our pitching horses for a half minute; but the two hundred and odd pounds he had on his back told—he couldn't hold the gait. Jimmy wrapped those long legs around him—the deer's tail in one hand, the horn in the other, and the ear between his teeth—and waited in grim determination. "Me-ah-a-aaa!" said the deer, dropping to his knees.

Jimmy got off him. Billy picked himself up and scampered to the other end of the corral, shaking his head.

The Injun straightened himself up, making an effort to draw a veil of modesty over the pride that shone in his eyes.

"H-nh!" he said. "Fool deer tackle Tatonka Sutah!" ("Tatonka-Sutah," or Strong Bull, was the more poetic title of Jimmy-hit-the-bottle among his own kind.)

He then gravely punched his plug hat into some kind of shape and resumed his work.

We pitched in and bought Jimmy a shiny new plug hat which—which will lead me far afield if I don't drop the subject.

Well, he was master of Mr. Billy Buck. When he entered the corral, the deer stepped

rapidly up to the farther corner and stayed there.

Now came the broadening of Billy's career. A certain man in our nearest town kept a hotel near the railroad depot. For the benefit of the passengers who had to stop there a half-hour for meals and recreation, this man had a sort of menagerie of the animals natural to the country. There was a bear, a mountain lion, several coyotes, swifts, antelope, deer, and a big timber wolf, all in a wire net-inclosed park.

The punchers to the rescue

It so happened that Steve met Mr. D—, the hotel proprietor, on one of his trips to town, and told him what a splendid deer he had out at the ranch. Mr. D— became instantly possessed of a desire to own the marvel, and a bargain was concluded on the spot. Billy by this time had shed his horns, and was all that could be wished for in the way of amiability. We tied his legs together, and shipped him to town in a wagon.

Steve did not trick Mr. D—. He told him plainly that the deer was a dangerous customer, and that to be careful was to retain a whole skin; but the hotel proprietor, a little, fat, pompous man with a big bass voice—the kind of man who could have made the world in three days and rested from the fourth to the seventh, inclusive, had it been necessary —thought he knew something of the deer character. "That beautiful creature, with its mild eyes and humble mien, hurt any one? Nonsense!" So he had a fine collar made for Billy, with his name on a silver plate, and then led him around town at the end of a chain, being a vain little man, who liked to attract attention by any available means. All worked well until the next fall. Mr. D— was lulled

into false security by the docility of his pet, and allowed him the freedom of the city, regardless of protest. Then came the spectacular end of Billy's easy life. It occurred on another warm autumn day. The passengers of the noon train from the East were assembled in the hotel dining-room, putting away supplies as fast as possible, the train being late. The room was crowded; the darkey waiters rushing; Mr. D— swelling with importance. Billy entered the room unnoticed in the general hurry. A negro waiter passed him, holding two loaded trays. Perhaps he brushed against Billy; perhaps Billy didn't even need a provocation; at any rate, as the waiter started down the room, Billy smote him from behind, and dinner was served!

When the two tray-loads of hot coffee, potatoes, soup, chicken, and the rest of the bill of fare landed all over the nearest table of guests, there was a commotion. Men leaped to their feet with words that showed they were no gentlemen, making frantic efforts to wipe away the scalding liquids trickling over them. The ladies shrieked and were tearful over the ruin of their pretty gowns. Mr. D—, on the spot instantly, quieted his guests as best he could on the one hand, and berated the waiter for a clumsy, club-footed baboon on the other. Explanation was difficult, if not impossible. Arms flew, hard words flew; the male guests were not backward in adding their say. Then, even as I had been before, the colored man was vindicated. Suddenly two women and a man sprang on top of the table and yelled for help. Mr. D— looked upon them open-mouthed. The three on top of the table clutched one another, and howled in unison. Mr. D—'s eye fell on Billy, crest up, warlike in demeanor, and also on a well-dressed man backing rapidly under the table.

A flash of understanding illumined Mr. D—. The deer, evidently, felt a little playful; but it would never do, under the circumstances. "Come here, sir!" he commanded. Billy only lived to obey such a command, as I have shown. But this time Mr. D— recognized a difference, and went about like a crack yacht. He had intentions of reaching the door. Billy cut off retreat. Mr. D— thought of the well-dressed man, and dived under the table. Those who had stood uncertain, seeing this line of action taken by one who knew the customs of the country, promptly imitated him. The passengers of the Eastern express were ensconced under the tables, with the exception of a handful who had preferred getting on top of them.

Outside, three cow punchers, who chanced to be riding by, were perfectly astonished by the noises that came from that hotel. They dismounted and investigated. When they saw the feet projecting from beneath the cloths, and the groups in statuesque poses above, they concluded not to interfere, although strongly urged by the victims. "You are cowards!" cried the man with the two women. The punchers joyfully acquiesced, and said, "Sick 'em, boy!" to the deer.

Meanwhile, the express and the United States mail were waiting. The conductor, watch in hand, strode up and down the platform.

"What do you suppose they're doing over there?" he asked his brakeman.

The brakeman shrugged his shoulders. "Ask them punchers," he replied.

The conductor lifted his voice. "What's the matter?" he called.

"Oh, come and see! Come and see!" said the punchers. "It's too good to tell."

The conductor shut his watch with a snap. "Five minutes late," he said. "Pete, go and hustle them people over here. I start in three minutes by the watch."

"Sure," said Pete, and slouched across. Pete was surprised at the sight that met his gaze, but orders were orders. He walked up and kicked Billy, at the same time shouting "All aboard for the West! Git a wiggle on yer!"

The man owed his life to the fact that the deer could get no foothold on the slippery hardwood floor; otherwise he would have been gored to death. As it was, Billy tried to push, and his feet shot out; man and deer came to the floor together, the brakeman holding hard. The passengers boiled out of the hotel like a mountain torrent. The punchers, thinking that the man was in danger, sprang through the window and tied the deer. Pete gasped his thanks and hustled out to catch his train. No one was left but Billy, the punchers, the darkey waiters, and Mr. D—.

"This your deer?" inquired the punchers of the latter.

"It is," said Mr. D—. "Take him out and hang him—don't shoot him—hang him!"

"All right," replied the punchers. They took Billy out and turned him loose in the deer-pen.

"Reckon the old man'll feel better about it to-morrow," they said.

And it came to pass that the old man did feel better, so Billy was spared. Perhaps if you have traveled to the West you have seen him—a noble representative of his kind. Well, this is his private history which his looks belie.